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BOOK SEVEN

THE HOWE READERS

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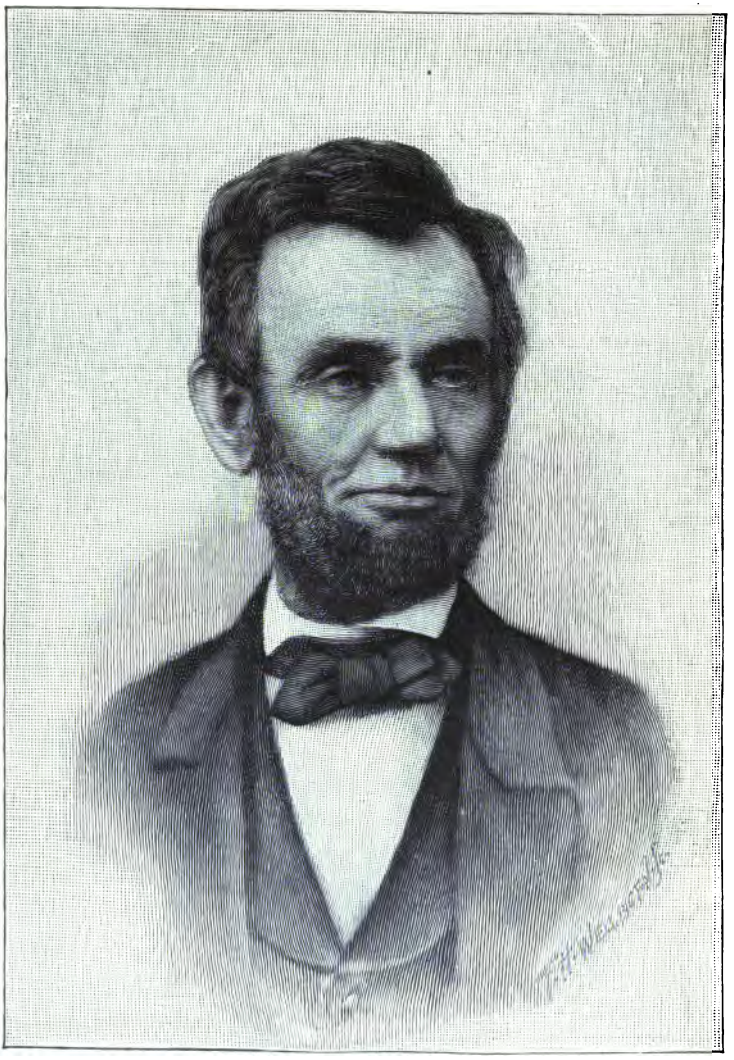
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A. Lincoln

THE HOWE READERS BY GRADES

BOOK SEVEN

BY

WILL D. HOWE

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NEW YORK

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

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THE HOWE READERS

BOOK SEVEN

BINGO TO THE RESCUE

ERNEST THOMPSON SETON

During that winter I caught many wolves and foxes who did not have Bingo's good luck in escaping the traps, which I kept out right into the spring, for bounties are good even when fur is not.

Kennedy's Plain was always a good trapping ground because it was unfrequented by man and yet lay between the heavy woods and the settlement. I had been fortunate with the fur here, and late in April rode in on one of my regular rounds.

The wolf-traps are made of heavy steel and have two springs, each of one hundred pounds power. They are set in fours around a buried bait, and after being strongly fastened to concealed logs are carefully covered in cotton and in fine sand so as to be quite invisible.

A prairie wolf was caught in one of these. I killed him with a club and throwing him aside proceeded to reset the

trap as I had done so many hundred times before. All was quickly done. I threw the trap-wrench over toward the pony, and seeing some fine sand near by, I reached out for a handful of it to add a good finish to the setting.

Oh, unlucky thought! Oh, mad heedlessness born of long immunity! That fine sand was *on the next wolf-trap* and in an instant I was a prisoner. Although not wounded, for the traps have no teeth, and my thick trapping gloves deadened the snap, I was firmly caught across the hand above the knuckles. Not greatly alarmed at this, I tried to reach the trap-wrench with my right foot. Stretching out at full length, face downward, I worked myself toward it, making my imprisoned arm as long and straight as possible. I could not see and reach at the same time, but counted on my toe telling me when I touched the little iron key to my fetters.

My first effort was a failure; strain as I might at the chain my toe struck no metal. I swung slowly around my anchor, but still failed. Then a painfully taken observation showed I was much too far to the west. I set about working around, tapping blindly with my toe to discover the key. Thus wildly groping with my right foot I forgot about the other till there was a sharp 'clank' and the iron jaws of trap No. 3 closed tight on my left foot.

The terrors of the situation did not, at first, impress

me, but I soon found that all my struggles were in vain. I could not get free from either trap or move the traps together, and there I lay stretched out and firmly staked to the ground.

What would become of me now? There was not much danger of freezing, for the cold weather was over, but Kennedy's Plain was never visited excepting by the winter wood-cutters. No one knew where I had gone, and unless I could manage to free myself there was no prospect ahead but to be devoured by wolves, or else die of cold and starvation.

As I lay there the red sun went down over the spruce swamp west of the plain, and a shorelark on a gopher mound a few yards off twittered his evening song, just as one had done the night before at our shanty door, and though the numb pains were creeping up my arm, and a deadly chill possessed me, I noticed how long his little eartufts were. Then my thoughts went to the comfortable supper-table at Wright's shanty, and I thought, now they are frying the pork for supper, or just sitting down. My pony still stood as I left him with his bridle on the ground patiently waiting to take me home. He did not understand the long delay, and when I called, he ceased nibbling the grass and looked at me in dumb, helpless inquiry. If he would only go home the empty saddle might tell the tale and bring help. But his very faith-

fulness kept him waiting hour after hour while I was perishing of cold and hunger.

Then I remembered how old Girou the trapper had been lost, and in the following spring his comrades found his skeleton held by the leg in a bear-trap. I wondered which part of my clothing would show my identity. Then a new thought came to me. This is how a wolf feels when he is trapped. Oh! what misery have I been responsible for! Now I'm to pay for it.

Night came slowly on. A prairie wolf howled, the pony pricked up his ears and walking nearer to me, stood with his head down. Then another prairie wolf howled and another, and I could make out that they were gathering in the neighborhood. There I lay prone and helpless, wondering if it would not be strictly just that they should come and tear me to pieces. I heard them calling for a long time before I realized that dim, shadowy forms were sneaking near. The horse saw them first, and his terrified snort drove them back at first, but they came nearer next time and sat around me on the prairie. Soon one bolder than the others crawled up and tugged at the body of his dead relative. I shouted and he retreated growling. The pony ran to a distance in terror. Presently the wolf returned, and after two or three of these retreats and returns, the body was dragged off and devoured by the rest in a few minutes.

After this they gathered nearer and sat on their haunches to look at me, and the boldest one smelt the rifle and scratched dirt on it. He retreated when I kicked at him with my free foot and shouted, but growing bolder as I grew weaker he came and snarled right in my face. At this several others snarled and came up closer, and I realized that I was to be devoured by the foe that I most despised, when suddenly out of the gloom with a guttural roar sprang a great black wolf. The prairie wolves scattered like chaff except the bold one, which seized by the black new-comer was in a few moments a draggled corpse, and then, oh horrors! this mighty brute bounded at me and—Bingo—noble Bingo, rubbed his shaggy, panting sides against me and licked my cold face.

"Bingo—Bing—old—boy—Fetch me the trap-wrench!"

Away he went and returned dragging the rifle, for he knew only that I wanted something.

"No—Bing—the trap-wrench." This time it was my sash, but at last he brought the wrench and wagged his tail in joy that it was right. Reaching out with my free hand, after much difficulty I unscrewed the pillar-nut. The trap fell apart and my hand was released, and a minute later I was free. Bingo brought the pony up, and after slowly walking to restore the circulation I was able to mount. Then slowly at first but soon at a gallop, with Bingo as herald careering and barking ahead, we set out

for home, there to learn that the night before, though never taken on the trapping rounds, the brave dog had acted strangely, whimpering and watching the timber-trail; and at last when night came on, in spite of attempts to detain him he had set out in the gloom and guided by a knowledge that is beyond us had reached the spot in time to avenge me as well as set me free.

MANNERS

WASHINGTON GLADDEN

The first rule of good manners is this, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." This embraces and epitomizes all the rest. True politeness is nothing more nor less than the Christian rule of life applied to all the minutiæ of our social intercourse. John Witherspoon's definition is worth repeating and remembering. "Politeness," said he, "is real kindness, kindly expressed."

Nothing but this deserves the name. Examine the slightest act of true politeness, and you will find this element of kindness in it. You offer another the seat you occupy; the politeness of the act consists only in its kindness. You bow or uncover your head upon meeting an acquaintance in the street; the act is polite, only because it is a generous acknowledgment of the worth of the man or woman you salute.

So you will find in every act of the true gentleman traces of good-will and self-sacrifice. "Be kindly affectioned one toward another, in honor preferring one another." So wrote Paul, one of the truest gentlemen that ever lived. No one in whose heart there is not a joyful readiness to make little sacrifices continually for the happiness of his associates will ever be the possessor of a true gentility.

Do not save your good manners for the street or for society, but let them beautify and bless your homes. A thoughtful courtesy will never be wasted upon those who dwell beneath the same roof. Nowhere else can such a revenue of joy and blessing be gathered from true politeness. I do not mean that you should fall into stately, ceremonious ways at home (nor abroad either, for that matter); I do not believe in stiffness or formality in social intercourse anywhere; but if we would be careful to show little kindnesses at home when there is occasion for them, —and such occasions are numberless,—if we would learn to deny ourselves in little things for the sake of others, in honor preferring one another, we should find the happiness of home greatly increased.

Besides, if such a kindly courtesy is the law of our home life, it will not be difficult for us to obey it when we are away from home. It will become as natural as breathing. We do not always think of the importance of this

thing. We are too apt to reserve our good manners for strangers, and thus our intercourse with those who are dearest to us is robbed of one of the charms that might hallow it.

BETTER THAN GOLD

FATHER RYAN

Better than grandeur, better than gold,
Than rank and titles a thousandfold,
Is a healthy body and mind at ease,
And simple pleasures that always please,
A heart that can feel for another's woe,
With sympathies large enough to enfold
All men as brothers, is better than gold.

Better than gold is a conscience clear,
Though toiling for bread in an humble sphere,
Doubly blessed with content and health,
Untried by the lusts and cares of wealth,
Lowly living and lofty thought
Adorn and ennoble a poor man's cot;
For mind and morals in nature's plan
Are the genuine tests of a gentleman.

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Better than gold is the sweet repose
Of the sons of toil when the labors close;
Better than gold is the poor man's sleep,
And the balm that drops on his slumbers deep
Brings sleeping draughts on the downy bed,
Where luxury pillows its aching head;
The toiler simple opiate deems
A shorter route to the land of dreams.

Better than gold is a thinking mind,
That in the realm of books can find
A treasure surpassing Australian ore,
And live with the great and good of yore.
The sage's lore and the poet's lay,
The glories of empires passed away;
The world's great dream will thus unfold
And yield a pleasure better than gold.

Better than gold is a peaceful home
Where all the fireside characters come,
The shrine of love, the heaven of life,
Hallowed by mother, or sister, or wife.
However humble the home may be,
Or tried with sorrow by heaven's decree,
The blessings that never were bought or sold,
And center there, are better than gold.

JACK AND HASELTINE ARE RECEIVED BY DOCTOR MEREDITH

ROBERT GRANT

"This must be Hall; am I right? How d'y do, Hall? How d'y do, Haseltine? Glad to see you both." So exclaims the Doctor, rising to greet the two timid youths, speaking so pleasantly, and giving them so hearty a grip of the hand, that they are kindled in spite of themselves and lift their gaze to his.

How shall I describe the head master of Utopia School? A man in the prime of life, not quite forty, tall, stalwart, and commanding, with a sunny smile but firm mouth, piercing eyes before which a sneak or liar might well quail, yet in which the sincere, manly boy, the forlorn or puzzled boy, or even the mischievous, disobedient boy who owns his fault, might find the sympathy, encouragement, or mercy which he needs. One sees at a glance, which requires no discrimination, that there is nothing small or petty about him, nothing of the pedant, the martinet, or the ceremonious prig. It is, perhaps, beyond the imagination of boys so full of misgivings as Jack and Haseltine, to appreciate all this at once, but their awe gives way to

surprise and their tongues are gradually loosened under the influence of his reassuring words of inquiry in regard to their journey, their families, and their past lives, in the course of which his wife comes in and perfects the welcome by her sweet voice.

Haseltine is the first to thaw, amusing them all by his quaint frankness. The Doctor's wife, who regards Jack very kindly, perhaps because he seems less at ease than his more forward companion, questions him about his home and his mother, and makes him promise that if he feels lonely he will come to her and let her know; all of which is so contrary to what Jack expected that he could almost cry with pleasure.

As for Haseltine, his relief is so great that he prattles on like a mill-stream, to the evident entertainment of his listeners, relating naïvely his impressions of his long journey from the West, and his views of life in general, including his intention to adopt base-ball as a profession when he grows up.

"Base-ball is a fine game, and I don't wish to speak a word against it," says the Doctor, when he sees a fair chance to get in a word. "I dare say that you will be a great acquisition to our nine, in course of time, Haseltine, and you, too, Hall, though you tell me that your specialty is foot-ball. That's a fine game too. You boys will have plenty of chance to consider the matter during the next



six years, but I rather think that you will come to the conclusion, before you leave us, Haseltine, that you would prefer to be in Congress, or the manager of a railroad, or a merchant, or a lawyer, than a professional base-ball player."

There was a pleasant twinkle in the Doctor's eye as he paused. Haseltine shook his head doubtfully.

"Both you little fellows are tired with so much travel, I know," the Doctor went on, a shade more seriously, "and I am going to send you off to bed. Before you go, I desire to say just two things: the first of which is, that I wish to impress upon you at the start to avoid falsehood and deceit. There are times when most boys are tempted to lie; when those times come, be brave and speak the truth, for, believe me, there is no vice more cowardly and degrading to the character than any form of falsehood."

Jack is listening with all his ears; the room seems very still, and the Doctor's wife is looking gravely at the carpet.

"The other thing is this,"—the Doctor glanced especially at Haseltine, though what he is about to say is every whit as applicable to Jack's needs, if he did but know it,—"I believe enthusiastically in all manly sports, and do my best to encourage a taste for them in the school; but let me remind you that what you have

been sent here for is not to become good cricketers, oarsmen, foot-ball kickers, or even"—here he smiled kindly—"base-ball players. To desire to be proficient in any or all of these games is a laudable ambition, but I pity heartily the boy who, during his stay here, thinks of nothing else; and I grieve to say there are a few who do. Sport is an incident, not an aim of life, even of a boy's life. You have been sent here to learn to become high-minded, upright gentlemen with lofty aims and sterling good sense in the first place; in the second,—and without this the first can never be completely realized,—to acquire a good education by means of faithful study. Intelligent scholarship is the promoter of many virtues and the key to success in after-life. Do you understand me, boys?"

"Yes, sir," the two lads murmur, in faint succession.

SUN AND SHADOW

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

As I look from the isle, o'er its billows of green,
To the billows of foam-crested blue,
Yon bark, that afar in the distance is seen,
Half dreaming, my eyes will pursue:

Now dark in the shadow, she scatters the spray
As the chaff in the stroke of the flail;
Now white as the sea-gull, she flies on her way,
The sun gleaming bright on her sail.

Yet her pilot is thinking of dangers to shun,—
Of breakers that whiten and roar;
How little he cares, if in shadow or sun
They see him that gaze from the shore!
He looks to the beacon that looms from the reef,
To the rock that is under his lee,
As he drifts on the blast, like a wind-wafted leaf,
O'er the gulfs of the desolate sea.

Thus drifting afar to the dim-vaulted caves
Where life and its ventures are laid,
The dreamers who gaze while we battle the waves
May see us in sunshine or shade;
Yet true to our course, though the shadows grow dark,
We'll trim our broad sail as before,
And stand by the rudder that governs the bark,
Nor ask how we look from the shore!

THE LEADER OF THE CHEERING

ARTHUR STANWOOD PIER

Clark Harding lay back on the cushions of the open carriage that was taking him from the station to St. Timothy's. From the hilltop he looked out over a valley of fertile farms, with a stream shining at the farther edge; and beyond it, in the green of maples and birches, he caught a glimpse of the chapel tower. The bell tolled faintly the strokes of four, and the thin, sweet sound stirred him like a familiar but long-unheard voice.

It was two years since he had left the school. When he looked down the last maple-shaded slope and saw the groups of boys sauntering up from the athletic field, and others, with towels thrown over their shoulders, coming from the swimming-hole, he thought, "I'm having a good time at college, but I'd like to be going through all this again."

Suddenly he called to the driver to stop, and seizing his valise, he sprang to the ground.

"Darwin! Hello, Darwin Hull!" he cried, running after a brown, broad-shouldered fellow in a blue suit, who turned abruptly.

"Clark Harding!" Hull exclaimed, grasping the older boy's hand. "It's good to see you again. You've come on for the game?"

"Yes. You're captain of the nine, aren't you? When I first knew you, Darwin, you didn't play baseball."

"I've picked up several things since then—with your help," Hull said, gratefully. "You know, I go back often and think of the time when I was a surly cub of a 'new boy,' and you came to me and gave me the lift I needed. You won't mind my saying it, will you? Whenever I've been captain or leader in anything, I've always wished I might be the sort that you were."

"Oh," said Harding, with a laugh, "when there are so many better models!"

Hull shook his head doggedly. "There is one fellow here that comes a heap nearer to you than I do," he said, "and I want you to meet him. There he is, across the street—George Sherwood, captain of the crew, and finest man in the whole school. Hello, Sherwood!"

Thus summoned, the crew captain came over and was introduced. He was a tall, straight-backed boy, bare-headed and with a manner as informal as if he had never seen a hat in his life. Yet his manner was not "fresh," it had a natural courtesy and grace. He had merry, quick blue eyes, and lips that were irrepressibly curving into smiles; his face burned bright red by the

sun, and his light tangled hair had a bleached aspect. Harding warmed to him at once when, in referring to the defeat of his crew by St. John's, he said lightly, "There's worse that can happen to us than a defeat by those fellows; they're a pretty good lot."

"I found that out when I was in school," Harding answered.

The study-bell began to ring, and Hull said, "We've both got Greek this hour. Can't you come around to my room this evening, Clark? I'd like to have a talk with you."

Harding promised, and Sherwood waved him a farewell, saying, "I'll drop in, too, if Darwin will let me."

Harding asked the master with whom he took supper about the attractive Sherwood.

"Oh, he's simply the most winning character we've ever had," the master replied. "Everybody loves him. The boys all respect and admire Hull, but Sherwood they love. He's so spontaneous and enthusiastic; he has the kindest heart and the gentlest wit; he's brilliant and unspoiled and genuine. There's something very rare and fine about Sherwood."

"So he's the leader of the school," said Harding. "I was rather hoping Hull might be that."

"Yes, I remember, he was a protégé of yours," remarked the master. "Well, you ought to be proud of

him. He's come out surprisingly, and this year he's been the greatest influence for good in the school."

"Then he is, after all, the real leader?"

The master looked puzzled.

"I don't know," he confessed. "Each thinks the other is; each swears by the other. That's the fine feature of it. But if there were a difference, I don't believe either of them could budge the other,—they're strong characters,—and the school would go with Sherwood—and maybe live to repent it."

That there was a definite difference of opinion between the two boys, Harding learned that evening in Hull's room. The talk had turned, of course, on the baseball game the next day with St. John's. Sherwood spoke up:

"You'll see a victory, Harding, even if Darwin won't promise it. I know Darwin and his nine, and I was brought up with the St. John's pitcher."

"Who is that?" asked Harding.

"Fred Hazen. He was a funny, nervous young one, with just one idea in the world, and that was to make a sketch of everything he saw. The last man that you would ever think could do anything in athletics. He was a thin little thing and shy, and always getting fussed and rattled. He's very clever, but so sensitive and nervous you'd almost call him hysterical. I couldn't understand his pitching till I thought of his hands.

They're long, limber, thin-fingered things; and I suppose when he wraps his slim, artistic fingers round the ball he can give it all kinds of a twist. But he's too nervous and fine-grained to last out a hard game. He has the artistic, not the athletic, temperament."

"Meaning he gets rattled?" said Hull. "Then I hope all the more there won't be any of this yelling to rattle the other nine."

"That's not the purpose of yelling," Sherwood protested.

"It's the effect of it," answered Hull. He appealed to Harding. "I want the game this year to be different from those we've had in the past. In the first place, there's to be no unnecessary coaching. All the chatter that is kept up continually from the side lines, like 'Look alive there! Now you're off! That's right! Keep him watching!' is senseless. This year the St. Timothy's nine, anyway, is going to keep quiet."

"Good!" said Harding. "I always thought this shrieking of advice in baseball was a good deal overdone."

"I'd like to see the reform carried further," Hull continued. "At St. John's last year, when they pulled up on us in the ninth inning, all St. John's began yelling like mad. They cheered when one of us made an error just as they did when one of their men made a hit.

Theo Hill, our pitcher, went down under the strain. We've always acted the same way—yelling and shrieking at misplays that helped us, yelling and shrieking when we've been in a tight place with a chance of getting out. I hope we shan't this year—with the game on our grounds."

"I hope not," said Harding.

Hull flashed a glance at Sherwood, for Harding was almost a tradition at St. Timothy's. For an instant a shadow of obstinacy settled on Sherwood's lips; then he broke into his dancing smile.

"Darwin's so earnest-minded!" he said to Harding. "He believes in suppressing enthusiasm, and I believe that the more enthusiasm you can wake up in a crowd the better it is for everybody."

"Sherwood's to lead the cheering to-morrow," Hull explained to Harding. "You know that's always the crew captain's job."

"Darwin wants me to cheer only when there's a good play," said Sherwood, "or between innings. That's not my idea. I want to get that crowd so brimming with enthusiasm that the fellows on the field will feel the spirit. Darwin talked about cheering and yelling in a tight place as if it were a wicked thing to do. I think it's the only thing to do. We want to put heart into the team,—and show each man that now is his time, and

he's *got* to hit the ball—or whatever it is. And that's why we cheer and yell. It's to inspire our own players; it's not to bother the others. We're not thinking about them at all."

"Yes," said Hull. "And I think they ought to be considered. Take that nervous little pitcher you've been telling us about. You talk about yelling to inspire us; what we all know happens is the rattling of the other team. When it comes to winning a game just by working on the nerves of your opponents, it's the fellows out on the side lines that win it; and they might as well bring foghorns and cannon. I can't see any credit in that kind of victory."

"You're a selfish old thing," Sherwood answered lightly. "You want to win it all yourself, and not let the school have a share in it." He turned to Harding. "I can't take Darwin's point of view, and he can't take mine. If we cheer at the other side's error, it isn't the error we cheer; it's the new chance we've got. I believe it's the right thing to be as enthusiastic as you can in everything. If the other side gets nervous under the yelling—well, it isn't the yelling, it's the strain of the situation itself that does it."

"What do you think, Clark?" Hull asked.

Harding hesitated. Then he said, "I think it's a case which should be left to the person who has the respon-

sibility. You're in charge of the coaching, Darwin, and Sherwood is in charge of the cheering. I think each of you can safely be left in charge."

Hull's brown face flushed a little, and he nodded slowly. "That's right," he said. "I had no business to interfere."

Harding arrived on the field just before the game began, as Sherwood, bareheaded as always, and without coat or waistcoat, was leading a cheer for St. John's. Across the field the St. John's supporters responded to the polite compliment. The St. John's pitcher came out and began tossing the ball to his catcher, while the others of the team were having fielding practice.

Sherwood left his place and ran over to the pitcher, and Harding saw him slap the boy on the back and shake his hand. The two stood talking and laughing together for a few moments; then Sherwood came trotting back, and the pitcher resumed his practice.

"Now, fellows," Sherwood said, raising his hands, "let's give three times three for Hazen, the St. John's pitcher, just to show we're not afraid of him. He's a good fellow, too."

Harding smiled to himself. Already he was beginning to feel the effectiveness of the boy's personality. Sherwood knew how to start the "thrill."

The game began. St. John's went first to the bat and failed to score. The enthusiasm that Sherwood stirred

up over this subsided when Warner of St. Timothy's struck out. Parsons, the next batter, sent up an easy fly to short-stop. When Darwin Hull, the third man, struck out, there was a general murmur of consternation on the St. Timothy's side.

But Sherwood jumped to his feet.

"Now then, fellows," he said, "let's warm them up with a good cheer!"

At the end of the fifth inning Sherwood was still cheering in the hope of "warming up" Hull and his team. Over across the field St. John's were cheering in the pure ecstasy of victory. The score was three to nothing, in their favor.

Hazen, the thin little pitcher, whose fragile, rod-like legs had at first created amusement among the St. Timothy's spectators, was now an object of respect and dread. Four times, with men on bases, Sherwood had run up and down, waving his hands and evoking an uproar, and every St. Timothy's boy had hoped and thought that now the chance had come. But Hazen, although he had pawed the ground with one foot and rocked back and forth on his hips nervously, had been their despair. His balls went swift and true, and with the most unfathomable curves.

But Sherwood never despaired. He kept running up and down in front of his crowd and shouting:

"The game's young yet, fellows! You all know Darwin Hull! You know when the time comes he'll be there! Now show him you know it by giving the nine a cheer. Three times three!" And after the cheer had been given: "Oh, now, fellows, let's give them a *cheer*—a real cheer! All together now!" And so there kept rolling across to St. John's flood after flood of defiance.

In the sixth inning St. Timothy's made one run, and Sherwood started a cheering that was incessant till the end of the inning.

"Now they're beginning to get their eye on the ball!" he shouted. His voice was growing hoarse, but his enthusiasm was more infectious than ever.

Harding himself was tremulous with excitement. He was glad St. Timothy's had such a leader as Sherwood. The boy was right about enthusiasm; it could not do anything but good. It seemed to Harding that the players stepped up to bat with a fresh confidence, and that in the field they went after the ball with a new, catlike cleanness and quickness.

In the seventh inning St. John's made two runs. Sherwood kept calling for more cheering, and Hull ran around among his men, clapping them on the back and saying words to encourage them. The most they could do was to make one more run, and the score stood five to two against them when the last half of the ninth inning came.

"Now, fellows," implored Sherwood, "we've got to start things going! Let it out now as you've never done before. And keep it up; keep it up! We've got to put heart into 'em." Harding joined in the shouting.

Warner came to the bat and was given his base on balls, and every St. Timothy's hat and flag was in the air. Parsons struck at the first ball, and sent a slow grounder to short-stop, who, in his eagerness to make a double play, fumbled; and both Warner and Parsons were safe.

Amid crazy yelling, Hull came to the bat. Through a megaphone that he had snatched from some one, Sherwood cried hoarsely:

"Cheer, fellows, for a home run—to tie the score, fellows, to tie the score! Now, one, two, three!"

That cheer was rent in the middle by the most prodigious roar of the afternoon. Hazen, whether from weariness or error in judgment, had sent Hull a slow, straight ball, and the captain had lunged at it with all his might. It went flying out between center and right field, and Warner and Parsons came home, and Hull sped round to third.

"Five to four, fellows, five to four!" croaked Sherwood, jumping up and down and brandishing the megaphone. "And nobody out! Keep on yelling now, and just put steam into them!"

They did keep on yelling.

Henderson, the man at the bat, was over-eager, and popped the ball up into the air. The third-baseman and Hazen both ran for it, and then let it drop between them. Again there was an uproar from St. Timothy's. Henderson stood on first base, and at third Hull was crouching, ready for the chance to come home with the tying run. The pitcher rubbed the ball against his trousers and cast a harassed look toward the shouting mob. He felt that his strength was giving out, and that with it something else was going.

With all his devotion to St. Timothy's Harding wished Sherwood would turn round and see Hazen's face, and let the cheering slacken.

Sherwood did not look round.

"Ball one!" cried the umpire, and even at so small a favor the St. Timothy's yell was intensified. Sherwood turned for a moment and saw Hazen pitch the next ball. It struck the batter on the arm; and Sherwood, with his face glowing, turned again to the crowd and invoked another cheer, while the boy trotted to first base and Henderson moved on to second.

"Don't let it stop, fellows!" pleaded Sherwood. "The bases full and nobody out! Don't let up for a moment! We've got to win this game! Three times three now—and then go on making it nine times nine!"

In the midst of that cheering Harding stepped out to him and touched his arm.

"Hazen is rattled," he said. "Don't cheer."

Sherwood turned and saw the pitcher and the catcher holding a consultation near the home plate. Then Hazen walked back to the pitcher's box, and after twisting the ball about in his hands, hurled it with all his force.

"Ball four!" cried the umpire. The St. Timothy's player dropped his bat and Hull came trotting home. St. Timothy's were shouting, and Sherwood spun round and clapped Harding on the shoulder, screaming joyously in his ear. Then he raised the megaphone aloft.

"The score is tied, fellows, and the bases are still full! Once more, now! Keep it going! Keep it going!"

Harding saw it was no use to protest. The clamor died away for a moment, and Hazen pitched the ball.

"Ball one!" the umpire called, and Sherwood started another cheer. At "Ball two!" he shouted, and a few joined in the shout. Sherwood saw Hazen draw his sleeve across his forehead and eyes.

"Ball three!" cried the umpire, relentlessly.

Harding glanced at Sherwood. The boy had his eyes fixed on the pitcher, and his face had lost the eager light of enthusiasm with which it had been shining.

"Four balls!" cried the umpire.

The game was ended. Henderson jogged home with

the winning run. There was a faint shout from St. Timothy's, which quickly subsided. The St. John's pitcher threw himself flat on the grass and lay with his face buried in his arms. Sherwood ran out to him, and heard the St. John's first-baseman say:

"Oh, get up, Hazen, and don't play the baby act!"

Sherwood's eyes flashed. "Don't be a brute!" he said sharply. Hazen rose to his feet, and Sherwood put his arm across the boy's shoulders and walked with him over to the silent St. John's crowd.

Meanwhile Hull had come up to Harding.

"Well, Clark, we showed you a victory. Now if Sherwood would only lead a cheer——"

"It looks as if he might do just that."

"Well, if he isn't making them a speech!" exclaimed Hull. "Come on, Clark, and let's see what he's up to!" and the boys, followed by others, hurried across the field. Sherwood, with his eyes flashing as if with some ardent purpose, and gesticulating with his megaphone, was in the middle of his address.

"We didn't treat your pitcher, Fred Hazen, right, and it's all my fault. It was simply low for us to go on yelling the way we did when his nerves gave out in the ninth inning. It was especially low because I know Fred Hazen, and he's not just a mere athlete, like Darwin Hull or me or your big monster of a first-baseman——"

There was a laugh from St. John's; at first sad, but it grew more genial, and three or four boys punched the first-baseman.

"He's something a good deal finer-grained than that," Sherwood continued, earnestly. "He's got nerves and sensibilities most of us don't know anything about. Why," he added, his face brightening into his winning smile, "Fred can't help it exactly if he's just a poet and an artist, and not a pitcher.

"So it was a shame to rattle him the way we fellows out on the side lines did, and I'm not proud of winning a victory by yelling. I know that Hull didn't want it won that way. I hope you fellows will be fairer to Hazen than we were, and not treat him as a quitter, for he isn't one. And now—I hope you won't think it's fresh of a St. Timothy's fellow—I'd like to lead a cheer, if you'll let me,—the only one I mean to lead over this game,—and that is three times three, with three Hazens on the end of it. Now then, St. John's, if you don't mind."

During the cheer Hazen ducked through the crowd, the fellows thumping him and laughing at him, and ran to the athletic house. Sherwood, looking at the laughing, strange faces, said:

"I'm much obliged, fellows, for taking it that way." Then he turned quickly and ran back across the field.

And as he ran, there went up suddenly nine swift "rahs," followed by three long "Sherwoods." The boy, laughing, waved the megaphone in acknowledgment; then catching up his coat, he fled into the woods path that led toward the school.

TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

Thou blossom bright with autumn dew,
And colored with the heaven's own blue,
That openest when the quiet light
Succeeds the keen and frosty night—

Thou comest not when violets lean
O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,
Or columbines, in purple dressed,
Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.

Thou waitest late and com'st alone,
When woods are bare and birds are flown,
And frost and shortening days portend
The aged year is near his end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
Look through its fringes to the sky,

Blue—blue—as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see
The hour of death draw near to me,
Hope, blossoming within my heart,
May look to heaven as I depart.

SERGEANT VAUGHAN

JACOB AUGUST RIIS

No account of heroic life-saving at fires could pass by the marvellous feat, or feats, of Sergeant (now Captain) John R. Vaughan on that February morning some years ago. The alarm rang in patrol station No. 3 at 3.20 o'clock on Sunday morning. Sergeant Vaughan, hastening to the fire with his men, found the whole five-story hotel ablaze from roof to cellar. The fire had shot up the elevator shaft, round which the stairs ran, and from the first had made escape impossible.

Men and women were jumping and hanging from windows. One, falling from a great height, came within an inch of killing the sergeant as he tried to enter the building. Darting up into the next house, and leaning out of the window with his whole body, while one of the crew

hung on to one leg, he took a half-hitch with the other in some electric-light wires that ran up the wall, trusting to his rubber boots to protect him from the current, and made of his body a living bridge for the safe passage from the last window of the burning hotel of three men and a woman whom death stared in the face, steadying them as they went with his free hand. As the last passed over, ladders were being thrown up against the wall, and what could be done there was done.

Sergeant Vaughan went up on the roof. The smoke was so dense there that he could see little, but through it he heard a cry for help, and made out the shape of a man standing upon a window-sill in the fifth story, overlooking the court-yard of the hotel. The yard was between them. Bidding his men follow,—they were five, all told,—he ran down and around in the next street to the roof of the house that formed an angle with the hotel wing. There stood the man below him, only a jump away, but a jump which no mortal might take and live. His face and hands were black with smoke. Vaughan, looking down, thought him a negro. He was perfectly calm.

"It is no use," he said, glancing up. "Don't try. You can't do it."

The sergeant looked wistfully about him. Not a stick or a piece of rope was in sight. Every shred was used below. There was absolutely nothing. "But I couldn't

let him," he said to me, months after, when he had come out of the hospital, a whole man again, and was back at work,—"I just couldn't, standing there so quiet and brave." To the man he said sharply:

"I want you to do exactly as I tell you, now. Don't grab me, but let me get the first grab." He had noticed that the man wore a heavy overcoat, and had already laid his plan.

"Don't try," urged the man. "You cannot save me. I will stay here till it gets too hot; then I will jump."

"No, you won't," from the sergeant, as he lay at full length on the roof, looking over. "It is a pretty hard yard down there. I will get you, or go dead myself."

The four sat on the sergeant's legs as he swung free down to the waist; so he was almost able to reach the man on the window with outstretched hands.

"Now jump—quick!" he commanded; and the man jumped. He caught him by both wrists as directed, and the sergeant got a grip on the collar of his coat.

"Hoist!" he shouted to the four on the roof; and they tugged with their might. The sergeant's body did not move. Bending over till the back creaked, it hung over the edge, a weight of two hundred and three pounds suspended from and holding it down. The cold sweat started upon his men's foreheads as they tried and tried again, without gaining an inch. Sixty feet below was the



paved court-yard; over against him the window, behind which he saw the back-draught coming, gathering headway with lurid, swirling smoke. Now it burst through, burning the hair and the coats of the two. For an instant he thought all hope was gone.

But in a flash it came back to him. To relieve the terrible dead-weight that wrenched and tore at his muscles, he was swinging the man to and fro like a pendulum, head touching head. He could *swing him up!* A smothered shout warned his men. They crept nearer the edge without letting go their grip on him, and watched with staring eyes the human pendulum swing wider and wider, farther and farther, until now, with a mighty effort, it swung within their reach. They caught the skirt of the coat, held on, pulled in, and in a moment lifted him over the edge.

They lay up on the roof, all six, breathless, sightless, their faces turned to the winter sky. The tumult on the street came up as a faint echo; the spray of a score of engines pumping below fell upon them, froze, and covered them with ice. The very roar of the fire seemed far off. The sergeant was the first to recover. He carried down the man he had saved, and saw him sent off to the hospital. Then first he noticed that he was not a negro; the smut had been rubbed from his face. Monday had dawned before he came to, and days passed before he

knew his rescuer. Sergeant Vaughan was laid up himself then. He had returned to his work, and finished it; but what he had gone through was too much for human strength. It was spring before he returned to his quarters, to find himself promoted, petted, and made much of.

THE GIANT RAY

FISHER AMES, JR.

In marching order the professor presented a complex appearance. A greenish veil hung from the rim of his swollen and spotless helmet to his shoulders, which were clad in a coat pitted with an extraordinary number of pockets. On the lower half of his person he wore tweed knickerbockers and cloth puttees with white spats. A minnow net and a camp-stool with pneumatic seat were bound upon his back, and in his hands he carried a sheaf of rods and a repeating rifle.

By his side young Leach, with a bit of shark-line round his waist to keep his shirt down and his trousers up, and with plenty of tanned skin visible, seemed a figure of barbarism, but the contrast was only external. The Boston professor and the brown Floridian were pupils at the same school, and youth knew at first hand some of the wonderful facts that age had met only in text books.

The professor was not an angler in the sporting sense of the term. He had come to the anchorage to study the marine life of the lagoon, and he cared not a whit for the glitter and gaiety of the hotel, immersing himself in his books of an evening, and sallying forth every day immediately after breakfast for his lonely trips along the shore.

On several occasions he met Bob, who was on his way to the hotel where he was now often employed as guide to the tarpon fishers. The tall, strong boy whose eye was as keen as a heron's impressed the scientist agreeably, and one day he stopped him on the beach and rather abruptly offered him three dollars a day for his services.

Five dollars would not have been enough to banish the scorn Bob felt at first sight of the green veil and white spats, but when the professor, picking up a shell at their feet, told undreamed-of wonders about it, he surrendered completely. This man was a lover of nature like himself, and had the knowledge that Bob longed for. He would have gone with him for nothing.

Those were pleasant days. They explored reef and shore and pothole, and gave each other of their knowledge and learned new lessons together. One day they dropped anchor on a shoal between two mangrove points, where the yellow glint of sand quivered up through the

water. It was warm there and protected. It was good collecting ground. The professor, with eyes snapping behind the green veil, dropped a close-meshed seine over the side and began to draw it through the water at the end of a long bamboo rod.

Perhaps the light disturbance of its passage was the attraction. At any rate, he had made but two or three attempts when a broad under-water shadow drew down upon the launch and paused below the net, which the professor in his curiosity held motionless.

"What is that?" he asked, and pointed.

"What did you see? Where?" Bob said. The shadow stirred at the moment, became more distinct and opaque, and the professor gazed down with startled eyes at the rising bulk of the most repulsive fish he had ever seen.

"It's the devil-fish!" exclaimed Bob, stepping back from the gunwale.

The professor had lost his ruddy color.

"Manta birostris!" he breathed. He caught Bob by the sleeve. "What are those big spots? What—they're eyes! Look at them!"

The gigantic ray rose until a scant film of water protected his back, and peered upward with cold eyes set shallow and wide apart. For a moment it lay there, undulating like a sail in light air; then with a supple folding of its huge pancake body, it curved downward

and became a shadow again, that drifted over the wavering yellow bottom and disappeared.

The professor drew a long and satisfied breath, and looked up at the sun, then across the topaz-hued water.

"Nature is wonderful," he said gently. "We must get that fellow."

"Get the devil-fish!" cried Bob.

"Certainly," said the professor. "I've seen pictures and read descriptions, but—Bob, I never imagined anything like that since I was a small boy afraid of the dark. Look here."

He held out his hand, and his fingers danced like the prongs of a tuning-fork.

"Um! You are scared," said Bob appreciatively.

"Interested, Bob! Excited! I don't know whether I'm afraid or not. It's immaterial. A ray twenty feet across! I must get that fish, dissect him, know every inch of his monstrous body before I do anything else."

The ray, apparently so open in its movements, proved a difficult quarry.

Day after day went by. The professor's face grew longer behind the green veil. His time was limited, and in this paradise for collectors there was so much that he was neglecting.

"There is so much, so much!" sighed the professor. "Bob, boy, I envy you all this. What a field to work in!"

Bob yawned. He was lolling in the stern, his fingers clutching the cord, on the farther end of which a mullet was fastened. It seemed such fruitless business.

"We aren't doing much now, sir," he said, lazily. "I reckon that old devil-fish's gone up North; just keeping his left fin close to shore, so he can feel where he is. No trunk to carry and no ticket to—to—get!"

He broke off, every flaccid line suddenly stiffening, and eyed the water close abeam, which had grown opaque, as if struck by a slant of wind. But there was no wind and the surface was glassy.

Very quietly Bob leaned forward and stopped the engine. The dusky patch darkened, grew sharp in outline, and then the devil-fish lay awash upon the surface, staring at the launch. Its huge, wing-like appendages stretched beyond both bow and stern.

"Give it to him!" said Bob, in a shrill whisper, and rose, harpoon in hand.

It was impossible to miss so big a mark. The lance struck the fleshy back, and sank as if into blue mud. The professor, with his feet wide apart, rattled out a couple of shots from the magazine rifle.

The ray struck out with one great wing and then with the other, lashing the water white and throwing spray clear over the launch. Before the eddies had smoothed, it was gone. The next moment it shot ahead, broad

as a sail, the harpoon-line streaming behind it. As it hung for a second, flapping, the professor fired again.

"Look out for a rush!" cried Bob, and reversed the engine.

The ray fell back with a resounding slap, and instantly the line leaped over the bow. The professor hardly had time to brace himself before the shock came. The line snapped taut, and the launch, in spite of her reversed engine, sprang forward, two sheets of water flaring from her depressed nose.

"He'll tear the bow out of her!" bawled Bob. "She won't stand it, sir."

The professor, soaked with flying brine, roared back at him:

"I'll buy a new one! Sit tight there, Bob!"

It was smooth in the shallow cove, and fortunately the great ray did not try to head toward the sea. In rough water the launch must have filled or capsized in that terrific rush.

The devil-fish drove straight for the mangrove point, as if to hurl himself upon the sedgy flat—a half-mile in less than a minute. And then, as suddenly as it had bolted, the line fell slack. The launch, half-full of water, steadied to the kick of her propeller. Bob stopped the engine, and she lay drifting and spent.

"I don't like this," the professor said. "Where is he?"

"I'm glad we're near shore," said Bob.

The bottom here was muddy and the water opaque. They could not see below the surface. The line hung over the bow limp and motionless. The giant ray gave no sign.

"There's plenty of horse-power in him yet. This waiting's unpleasant," said the professor.

"Look at the line!" said Bob, softly.

It was moving, almost as if caught by some quiet current. It ran out very slowly from the bow, then swung to starboard and passed astern, lengthening foot by foot. It was so gentle, so unlike the former evidences of the huge fish's power, that it chilled the nerves of the watchers. It seemed as if the creature were meditating some crafty plan and working it out with human cunning.

"I think I hit him that last time," said the professor. "Big as he is, I don't see how he can digest three of these long bullets. They'll rip their way through a foot of solid oak."

"Here he comes! Look!" Bob pointed with a shaking finger.

The line had swung back abeam and slackened. Bloody bubbles were rising and cracking on the surface, and the water itself seemed arching upward with the quick rise of the huge bulk. But when the ray appeared,

it backed off and began to circle the launch, rasping the tightened line along the gunwale.

"Cut away, Bob," said the professor. "If that line catches on anything he'll upset us in a minute."

Bob severed the line with his clasp-knife, but the ray continued to circle. Round and round the launch it swam, like a tiger creeping upon its prey. Four times the professor fired at it, and the suspicious spat of the bullets told that he had not missed.

"Toss me that box," he said. "I think he means to rush us."

He tore open the fresh box of cartridges and hastily filled the magazine.

"I reckon we'd better run for it," said Bob, with a white face, and opened the engine to her highest speed.

The launch surged forward, heading for the near line of sedge. At the moment the ray was astern, moving very quietly; but as it heard the swash of the propeller, and caught its meaning, its tactics changed. It shot forward with tremendous rapidity, passing the boat as if it were anchored. Then it wheeled, with an uptoss of water, and seemed to gather itself for a rush.

Bob threw over the tiller, but before the sluggish launch could turn, the ray was upon them. Charging furiously, it sprang clear of the water, outspread like a gigantic bat, its enormous mouth distended and its two



great fleshy fins flapping. As Bob and the professor sprang overboard, the ray fell upon the launch, smothering it and beating its broken timbers under water.

Bob had taken a long dive over the side. When he came to the surface there was no trace of the launch or devil-fish except the violent agitation of the water. But the professor's head was visible, minus hat and veil, and it nodded at him. Without a word the two turned and swam in toward the sedge close by, and crawled, dripping, among its crackling stems.

The professor wrung himself out sadly.

"What a pity he got away from us!"

"Why, I reckon we got away from him!" Bob stared at the spot where the launch had been.

"Perhaps you are right. But I've lost a specimen I wanted very badly. And now I've got to pay our friend Brown for his launch."

"It wasn't worth much," said Bob, walking on the firm sand. "He couldn't get a regular fisherman to use it at any price."

Getting no reply, he turned round and saw the professor rooted in the sedge, glaring through his wet spectacles at an agitated patch of water close in shore. Bob took one quick look at it.

"Better come up here. It looks like that was the old devil-fish again."

The professor stood for a moment motionless. Then he suddenly wheeled with a startled exclamation, and came tearing through the water to the beach. Spinning on the surface, in what were evidently its death throes, was the great ray. The flapping of its huge membranous wings drove a series of waves through the bending sedge and up the beach to Bob's feet.

The professor had hardly reached firm land when the spinning ceased abruptly. The ray seemed to rise higher out of the water, and they could see it shudder as if the end were near. But the huge organism was not to accept its quietus without a last struggle. It leaped ahead, blind to the direction in which it was going; mowed a wide path through the sedge, and rammed itself hard and fast on the foreshore, where its vast, dusky bulk lay almost entirely exposed as the wave carried forward by its rush receded. Its cavernous slit of a mouth opened and belched forth a foamy mass of water; its great fleshy wings rose and fell in a long quiver. Then it seemed to spread itself flaccidly on the mud, as loose and boneless as a dead jelly-fish.

The professor slumped down on the sand as if his legs had weakened under him.

"If I don't make a report out of this that will wake up Ichthyological Society then I'll resign. The old fish jumped right up on the operating table, so to speak.

I'll know the color of his insides before to-night. How far are we from home?"

"Not much of piece," said Bob. "I reckon about the biggest end of an hour if we take the high beach and cut across the necks of those two points yonder."

"Well, I'm going back for my tools," said the professor, rising. "But shall we shake on our luck? Bob, my boy, this has been a great day."

THE SEASHELL

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

See what a lovely shell,
Small and pure as a pearl,
Frail, but a work divine,
Made so fairly well
With delicate spire and whorl,
How exquisitely minute,
A miracle of design!

What is it? a learned man
 Could give it a clumsy name.
Let him name it who can,
 The beauty would be the same.

The tiny cell is forlorn,
Void of the living will
That made it stir on the shore.
Did he stand at the diamond door
Of his house in a rainbow frill?
Did he push, when he was uncurled,
A golden foot or a fairy horn
Through his dim water-world?

Slight, to be crushed with a tap
Of my finger-nail on the sand,
Small, but a work divine,
Frail, but of force to withstand,
Year upon year, the shock
Of cataract seas that snap
The three-decker's oaken spine
Athwart the ledges of rock,
Here on the Breton strand!

THE KEG OF POWDER

DAVID CROCKETT

I gathered my corn, and then set out for my fall's hunt. This was in the last of October, 1822. I found bear very plenty, and, indeed, all sorts of game, and wild varments, except buffalo. There was none of them. I hunted on till Christmas, having supplied my family very well all along with wild meat, at which time my powder gave out; and I had none either to fire Christmas guns, which is very common in that country, or to hunt with. I had a brother-in-law who had now moved out and settled about six miles west of me, on the opposite side of Rutherford's fork of the Obion River, and he had brought me a keg of powder, but I had never gotten it home.

There had just been another of Noah's freshets, and the low grounds were flooded all over with water. I knew the stream was at least a mile wide which I would have to cross, as the water was from hill to hill, and yet I determined to go on over in some way or other, so as to get my powder. I told this to my wife, and she immediately opposed it with all her might. I still insisted, telling her we had no powder for Christmas, and worse than all, we were out of meat. She said we had as well

starve as for me to freeze to death or to get drowned, and one or the other was certain if I attempted to go.

But I didn't believe the half of this; and so I took my woolen wrappers, and a pair of moccasins, and put them on and tied up some dry clothes and a pair of shoes and stockings, and started. But I didn't before know how much anybody could suffer and not die. This, and some of my other experiments in water, taught me something about it, and I therefore relate them.

The snow was about four inches deep when I started, and when I got to the water, which was only about a quarter of a mile off, it looked like an ocean. I put in, and waded on till I came to the channel, where I crossed that on a high log. I then took water again, having my gun and all my hunting tools along, and waded till I came to a deep slough, that was wider than the river itself. I had crossed it often on a log; but behold, when I got there, no log was to be seen. I knew of an island in the slough, and a sapling stood on it close to the side of that log, which was now entirely under water. I knew further that the water was about eight or ten feet deep under the log, and I judged it to be about three feet deep over it. After studying a little what I should do, I determined to cut a forked sapling, which stood near me, so as to lodge it against the one that stood on the island, in which I succeeded very well.

I then cut me a pole, and then crawled along on my sapling till I got to the one it was lodged against, which was about six feet above the water. I then felt about with my pole till I found the log, which was just about as deep under the water as I had judged. I then crawled back and got my gun, which I had left at the stump of the sapling I had cut, and again made my way to the place of lodgment, and then climbed down the other sapling so as to get on the log. I then felt my way along with my feet, in the water about waist deep, but it was a mighty ticklish business. However, I got over, and by this time I had very little feeling in my feet and legs, as I had been all the time in the water, except what time I was crossing the high log over the river, and climbing my lodged sapling.

I went but a short distance before I came to another slough, over which there was a log, but it was floating on the water. I thought I could walk it, and so I mounted on it; but when I had got about the middle of the deep water, somehow or somehow else, it turned over, and I went up to my head. I waded out of this deep water, and went ahead till I came to the highland, where I stopped to pull off my wet clothes, and put on the others, which I had held up with my gun, above the water, when I fell in. I got them on, but my flesh had no feeling in it, I was so cold. I tied up the wet ones,



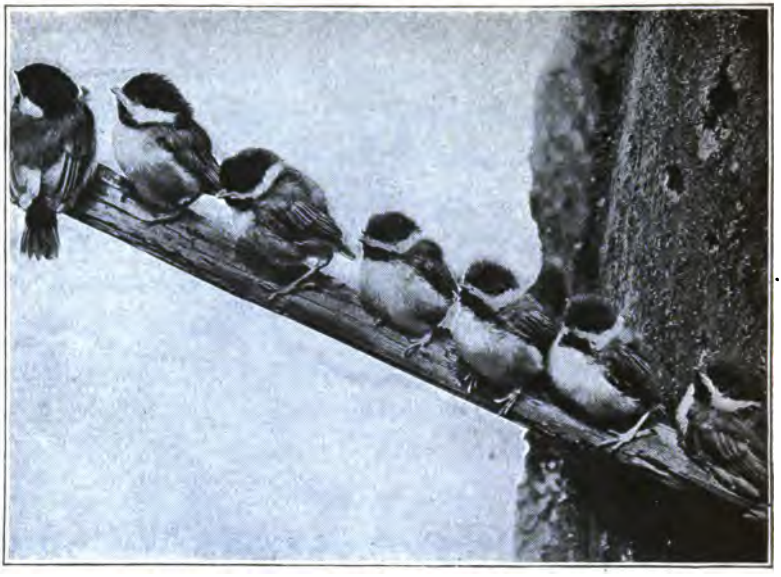
and hung them up in a bush. I now thought I would run, so as to warm myself a little, but I couldn't raise a trot for some time; indeed, I couldn't step more than half the length of my foot.

After a while I got better, and went on five miles to the house of my brother-in-law, having not even smelt fire from the time I started. I got there late in the evening, and he was much astonished at seeing me at such a time. I stayed all night, and the next morning was most piercing cold, and so they persuaded me not to go home that day. I agreed, and turned out and killed him two deer; but the weather still got worse and colder, instead of better. I stayed that night, and in the morning they still insisted I couldn't get home. I knew the water would be frozen over, but not hard enough to bear me, and so I agreed to stay that day. I went out hunting again, and pursued a big he-bear all day, but didn't kill him. The next morning was bitter cold, but I knew my family was without meat, and I determined to get home to them, or die a-trying.

I took my keg of powder, and all my hunting tools, and cut out. When I got to the water, it was a sheet of ice as far as I could see. I put on to it but hadn't got far before it broke through with me; and so I took out my tomahawk, and broke my way along before me for a considerable distance. At last I got to where the ice

would bear me for a short distance, and I mounted on it, and went ahead; but it soon broke in again, and I had to wade on till I came to my floating log. I found it so tight this time, that I knew it couldn't give me another fall, as it was frozen with the ice. I crossed over it without much difficulty, and worked along till I got to my lodged sapling and my log under the water. The swiftness of the current prevented the water from freezing over it, and so I had to wade, just as I did when I crossed it before.

When I got to my sapling, I left my gun, and climbed out with my powder keg first, and then went back and got my gun. By this time I was nearly frozen to death, but I saw all along before me where the ice had been fresh broken, and I thought it must be a bear straggling about in the water. I, therefore, fresh primed my gun, and, cold as I was, I was determined to make war on him, if we met. But I followed the trail till it led me home, and then I found it had been made by my young man that lived with me, who had been sent by my distressed wife to see, if he could, what had become of me, for they all believed I was dead. When I got home, I wasn't quite dead, but mighty nigh it; but had my powder, and that was what I went for.



THE CHICKADEE

WILLIAM LOVELL FINLEY

The little Black-capped Titmouse or Chickadee is the most constant feathered friend I have, for there is hardly a day in the year that I cannot find him, whether it be hot or cold. On some of my tramps in the rain and snow the chickadee has been the only bit of bird life that has cheered my way. I have never found the chickadee moody. I've seen him when it was so cold I couldn't understand just how he kept his tiny body warm; when it looked like all hunting for him and no game. If he was hungry, he didn't show it. The wren goes south

and lives in sunshine and plenty all winter. He goes wild with delight when he returns home in the spring. The chickadee winters in the north. He endures the cold and hunger of the dreary months. In the spring his cheer seems just the same. He doesn't bubble over. He takes his abundance in quiet and contentment.

Chickadee never seems to have the blues, but for all his cheer and happiness, the loneliest, saddest bird I ever saw was a chickadee who had lost his mate. It was cold and darkening. I heard the sad, drawn-out "phee-bee" note up the ravine. As he came nearer, it sounded like a funeral song. The bewildered little fellow was all aflutter and uneasy, flitting from tree to tree and calling, calling. I can hear the echo yet, calling for his love.

The glade up Fulton Creek just suited the chickadees. It was rarely invaded by troublesome people. Chickadee likes human society when the snow comes and food grows scarce in the woods, but just as soon as he falls in love and his mind turns to housekeeping, he looks for a quiet nook.

The next time I strolled up the creek, one of a newly wedded pair suddenly met me just where the path branched a few yards below the alder stump. I didn't see him come, but he appeared right on the limbs of the maple over the trail that led away from the nest. He didn't see me at all! The little trickster! He was very industriously pecking at nothing I could see with my

field-glass. As soon as I stopped, he began turning and twisting, stretching his neck to look under a leaf. He hung by his toes, head down, and swung back up like a circus performer. Then he swung head down again, dropped, and lit right side up on the branch below. He made a high jump of over a foot, but grabbed nothing. And such unconcern! He never looked at me. I thought of the lad across the street, who, by his stunts, used to coax me out of the yard against orders. The little black-cap drew me now as the boy did then. "You're entertaining, but not so clever as you seem," I said, as I followed him off down the wrong path away from his nest.

I shall never forget the day we trudged up with the camera to get a picture of the eggs. When we reached the chickadee villa, the mother was at home. I knocked at the base, so she would leave. Then I shook the stub, but she did not take the hint. I took a little twig and poked in, trying to lift her up. She met my advance with a funny little sound, like a mad cat in a box. Drive her out of her own house? Well, I should say not! Finally I cut a piece right out of the back part of her house, where the wall was thin. There she sat without moving, while I focused my camera. The little black eyes showed a brave spirit that I have seldom seen in a bird. I carefully slid the piece back again and locked it with a string.

I knew she had done a heroic deed. I sat down under

the tree to watch. As soon as all was quiet, she shot from the door like a winged bullet and struck right on the limb beside her mate who had been dee-dee-ing to her all the while. Of course, birds do not feel as we feel, but I don't believe a sweetheart ever met her lover returning from a field of battle with a greater show of joy. They simply threw themselves into each other's arms. It wasn't a silent meeting either; there were real cracks of kisses and twitters of praise. Chickadees are not human by any means, but had she not defended her home all alone against a giant?

A day or so later, I really did catch both the owners away from the nest and I counted one—two—three—four—five—six—seven dotted eggs on a cottony couch. When the mother returned she seemed so worried that I closed the door and started to leave in a hurry. But I hadn't stepped away more than ten feet before she was clinging at the doorway, and a moment later she popped into the hole and continued her brooding.

What if every egg should hatch, I thought. What could any mother and father do with seven children, all the same age? Think of it! Two pair of twins and a set of triplets, and not one of the youngest able to assist in caring for brother or sister!

I have often watched old birds feeding young, but I never had a good idea of just the amount of insect food they consume till I watched the chickadees for a few days

after the eggs hatched. Both birds fed in turn, and the turns were anywhere from three to ten minutes apart. From the time the chicks were born, the parents were busy from daylight to dark. They searched every leaf and twig along the limbs and trunk to the roots of every tree, under bark and moss, in ferns, bushes, and vines, and they hunted thoroughly. Such numbers of spiders they ate, and green caterpillars, brown worms, grasshoppers, daddy-long-legs, moths, millers, and flies, besides untold numbers of eggs and larvæ. Everything was grist that went to the chickadee mill. The way they could turn insects into feathers, placing the black and white pigment just where it belonged, was simply marvelous. A baby chickadee changes about as much in a day as a human baby does in a year.

One can readily count up how much insect life is destroyed each day, when the parents return every few minutes with food. Think how closely each bush and tree is gone over everywhere about the nest. One chickadee nest in an orchard means the death of hundreds and maybe thousands of harmful insects and worms every day. It more than pays for all the fruit the birds can eat in half a dozen seasons. But there are generally other birds nesting about. Think of the time when seven young chickadees are turned loose to search among the trees day after day during the entire year.

I spent two whole days at the nest before the chicks

were ready to leave home. The owners of the stump seemed to think we had placed the camera there for their use, as they generally perched on the tripod. Then they always stopped a moment at the door before entering. The seven eggs had pretty well filled the nest. Now it looked too full. It seemed to me that if the little chicks kept on growing they would either have to be stacked up one on top of the other or lodged in an upper story.

Once the mother came with a white miller. She had pulled the wings off, but even then it looked entirely too big for a baby's mouth. Not a single nestling but wanted to try it. When the mother left, I looked in and one little fellow sat with the miller bulging out of his mouth. It wouldn't go down any further, but he lay back quite happy. His stomach was working at a high speed below; I saw the miller slowly slipping down until the last leg went in as the chick gave a big gulp.

The day was warm. We built a little perch at the front door, and set out one of the youngsters blinking in the sunshine. He soon felt at home. He liked it and seemed quite perked up and proud. Then we set out another and another—seven in all. It looked like a public dressing-room. Think of being crowded in the tiny hole of a hollow, punky stump with six brothers and sisters; jammed together with your clothes all wrinkled, not even room to stretch out, let alone comb and dress and clean yourself properly. They gave us a

real chickadee concert, each trying to outdo the other. "Here-we-are! We-are-seven! Seven-are-we-dee-dee-dee!" Even the mother and father sounded a "Tsic-a-dee-dee" of joy as they fed from the perch instead of diving down into the little dungeon.

I believe there's more family love in the chickadee household than in any bird home I have visited. I have seen a young flicker jab at his brother in real madness, but I never saw two chickadees come to blows. Of course, when young chickadees are hungry, they will cry for food just as any child. Not one of the seven was the least backward in coming forward when a morsel of food was in sight. Each honestly believed his turn was next. Once or twice I saw what looked like a family jar. Each one of the seven was crying for food as the mother flew over. She herself must have forgotten whose turn it was, for she hung beneath the perch a moment to think. How she ever told one from the other, so as to divide the meals evenly, I don't know. There was only one chick I could recognize, and that was pigeon-toed, tousled-headed Johnnie. He was the runt of the family, and spoiled, if ever a bird was spoiled.

We trudged up the cañon early the next morning. Four of the flock had left the nest and taken to the bushes. Three stayed at the stump while we set the camera. It is rarely indeed that one catches a real clear photograph of bird home life such as the mother placing

a green cut-worm in the mouth of a hungry chick; a satisfied look on the face of the second bantling who had just got a morsel; and hope on the face of the third who is sure to get the next mouthful: the present, the past, and the future in one scene.

There are perhaps many other families of chickadees that live and hunt through the trees along Fulton Creek. I rarely visit the place that I do not hear them. But ever since the seven left the old alder stump that has now fallen to pieces, I never see a flock about this haunt that they do not greet me with the same song I heard three years ago, "Tsic-a-dee-dee! Seven-are-we!"

BIRDS

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD

Birds are singing round my window,
Tunes the sweetest ever heard,
And I hang my cage there daily,
But I never catch a bird.

So with thoughts my brain is peopled,
And they sing there all day long:
But they will not fold their pinions
In the little cage of Song!

THE BEST KNIGHT IN THE WORLD

W. H. Frost

It all began on the night before the feast of Pentecost, when so many strange things happened. The King and the Queen and the knights were in the great hall at Camelot, and a woman, whom no one knew, rode into the hall on horseback. She dismounted and came before the King and said: "My lord, tell me which is Sir Lancelot."

"That is Sir Lancelot," said the King, pointing to where he sat.

"Sir Lancelot," she said, "I am sent to you by King Pelles. He asks you to come with me to an abbey in a forest not far from here."

"And what am I to do there?" Lancelot asked.

"I am not to tell you that," she said; "I am only to bring you to the abbey."

"I will go with you, then," said Lancelot, "if it is to please King Pelles."

"Lancelot," said the Queen, "to-morrow is the feast of Pentecost; shall you not be with us then?"

"Madame," said the woman, "he shall be back here by dinner-time to-morrow."

So Lancelot put on his armor and rode with the woman till they came to the abbey in the forest. There, when he was unarmed, some nuns came to him, leading a young man. "Sir Lancelot," one of them said, "this young squire is the grandson of King Pelles. He is strong and brave and noble. He has learned much, and it is time now for him to be made a knight. He asks you, and so does King Pelles and so do we, that you make him a knight."

Then Lancelot looked at the young man. He was scarcely more than a boy in his years, but he was tall and strong. Lancelot thought that he had never seen so beautiful a face, and besides its beauty there was courage in it, and freedom and hope and all the rich flush and glow of a bright, new manhood. And a strange feeling came to Lancelot as he looked, and a voice seemed to be saying in his ears: "He has come! He has come!" Lancelot could not have told what it meant. He only felt that there was something in this young man that made him different from any other he had ever seen, something without a name, by which he knew that he was greater and finer and truer than the rest. "To-night, then," said Lancelot, "let him watch his arms in your chapel, and to-morrow I will make him a knight."

And so it was done. The young man watched his arms in the chapel while the others slept, and in the

morning Lancelot made him a knight. Then Lancelot begged the new knight to come to the court with him, but he answered: "No, it is not time for me to go to the court, but I shall be there with you soon."

So Lancelot rode back to Camelot alone. And then began the most wonderful day of all King Arthur's reign. When Lancelot had come and all the knights were sitting in the hall a squire ran in and went to the King and said: "My lord, I have just come up from the river, and down there a great stone is floating on the water and there is a sword sticking in it."

"That is a wonderful thing, truly," said the King; "we will go and see it."

So the King and the Queen and all the knights left the hall and went down to the river. And there, truly enough, was the stone, floating on the river, and there was a sword sticking in it, as the squire had said. And the King saw letters on the stone and he came near and read them: "No one shall ever draw this sword out of this stone except the one to whom it belongs, the best knight in the world."

"Surely," said the King, "I think that the best knights of the world are in my court; who will try to draw the sword?" and he looked toward Lancelot.

"I do not think," said Lancelot, "that the sword is mine, and I will not try to draw it."



But many of the other knights tried to draw the sword and could not, and the King looked at Lancelot again and said: "Will you not try to take this sword? Surely there is no better knight in the world than you."

"No," said Lancelot, "it is not for me. Remember, my lord, all the wonderful things that Merlin told long ago. The best knight of the world is not among us yet, but I believe that he is coming soon. Let us all go back to the hall, my lord, and keep our feast and wait for him."

And back they went to the hall, and they were scarcely in their places when there came another wonder. An old man came into the hall, leading a young man by the hand. They saw that he was an old man only by his figure and by his step and by the end of a white beard which they could see. For he wore a long, white robe, and a hood hung low down over his face, so that they could not see it. The young man was dressed all in flame-colored armor, and he had no shield or sword, but an empty scabbard hung by his side. They came and stood close to the throne and closer to the Siege Perilous.

Bors sat near them, and it seemed to him that he knew, just as it had seemed to him once before, long ago, at the Castle Carbonek, that this old man was Joseph of Arimathæa, who would have died hundreds of years ago but that the power of the Holy Grail kept him alive. And

he knew, too, that the young man was the beautiful child with the deep eyes and the bright, sweet face and the hair like gold, whom he had seen at the Castle of Carbonek. Percivale sat next to Bors, and it seemed to him too that he knew the old man, though how he could not tell. Next to Bors on the other side was Lancelot, and what he knew was that the young man was the one whom he had made a knight that morning at the abbey.

"King Arthur," said the old man, "I have brought you a new knight, Sir Galahad. You have waited for him long, for you were told of him before he was born, and his place at your Round Table was waiting for him before you yourself were born."

"He is welcome here," said the King, "and you are welcome too." But almost before he had spoken the old man was gone from the hall and the young knight in the flame-colored armor stood before him alone. Yes, there at last he stood, Galahad, whose name had been spoken with wonder or with hope or with doubt so many times. Only the best knight of the world, Merlin had said, should sit in the Siege Perilous, and the best knight of the world should be Galahad. How many times Arthur had looked at that seat and wondered why his best knight, Lancelot, could not sit there, and what the knight could be like who should be better than Lancelot. And now here he stood—Galahad.

But there was something else for the best knight of the world to do. The knights who filled the hall were not thinking then of the Siege Perilous. They were thinking of the stone floating on the river, and the sword sticking in it. The King saw them whispering together and pointing that way and he said to the young man: "If you are indeed that Galahad whom we have waited for so long, you are more welcome than any other who has come here since Lancelot, my best knight till now, the son of my old friend King Ban. If you are that true Galahad who was promised, then you will be the best of all my knights —better than Lancelot. Will you come and prove to us whether you are so?"

Then the King took the young man's hand and led him down to the river and all the rest followed them to see. And the King said: "Try if you can draw that sword, for none of my other knights can draw it."

"See, my lord," said the young man, "I have brought no sword, only this empty scabbard, for I knew that I should find my sword here." And he took hold of the sword that stuck in the stone and drew it out and put it in his scabbard.

There was no doubt of it now; the knight whom they had waited for had come. Yet the King's face was sad as he led the way back to the hall, for it seemed to him that now there could be little to wait for and the days of

the Round Table would not be many more. But other thoughts came to him a moment later, when the new knight knelt before him to take the oath that would make him a knight of the Round Table. For then, just for an instant, it seemed to him that the time had gone back to the beginning of his reign.

There was a look in the young man's eyes that brought back the day when Lancelot had knelt before him like this and had sworn his oath and when he had believed that Lancelot would surely be the one perfect knight. Yes, it was the same clear light that he had seen for an instant that day in Lancelot's eyes, the glow of something great and wonderful, he knew not what. But there was more in the face of this new knight. There was something which told Arthur that, though he swore that in all things he would be true and loyal to God and to the King, yet, without the oath, he could never have a thought that would not be true and loyal.

And the King scarcely knew whether it was great joy or great sorrow that made him almost tremble before this boy. And when he took his hand again they all saw that his face was white as he turned toward the seat that was next the throne. And there at last in that Siege Perilous were the letters, more of fire than of gold, as they seemed: "This is the seat of Galahad."

Those who could see whispered to those who could not

and the word ran down the hall and then in an instant everyone was still. After all these years of waiting, after the wonders and the prophecies, would anyone, even Galahad, dare to sit in that seat? They had feared that seat and had seen it empty so long that they could not believe it, and they all stood up in their places and strained their eyes and held their breaths in wonder and dread. And of all who were there Galahad alone had no fear and no dread. Only for an instant he stood there, with the eyes of all the rest upon him and his own upon the King's, and then he sat in the Siege Perilous.

Every seat at the Round Table was filled. For the first time since Merlin made that table for Uther Pendragon there were a hundred and fifty knights around it, and no seat was empty. Then of a sudden the hall grew dark. Thick clouds seemed to have come over the sun, and they heard a great wind outside. Then there was thunder that shook the castle and almost deafened them. It was over in a moment and through an upper window there shone one broad beam of sunlight. It slanted down from the top of the hall to near where Galahad sat, and still the rest of the hall was dark.

And then came the strangest thing of all. They saw a soft, red glow of light, through the darkness of the hall, and it moved toward the place where the sunlight fell. They could not see what it was clearly, for it had a cover-

ing of white silk, and the red glow shone through this and filled the room. And the thing that shone was in the form of a goblet. It moved, as if someone were carrying it, but they could not see anyone. It moved till it came where the sun shone upon it, and then the hall was bright and the knights could see one another. And it seemed to each of them that the others looked greater and stronger and more beautiful than he had ever seen them look before. They knew, all of them, that this that they almost saw, but could not see, was the Holy Grail. It passed on again, away from the sunlight and across the hall, and the red glow was gone. The sunlight was gone too, and then the old light came slowly back, and they all saw that the table had been covered with food.

At first they were all so full of wonder at the sight that none of them could speak. Then Gawain, who sat on King Arthur's left, rose and held up the cross-shaped hilt of his sword. "My lord," he said, "we know that it was the Holy Grail that passed before us just now. But we did not see it. So now I make this vow, my lord, that I will leave this court and seek the Holy Grail, that I may see it more openly than we have all seen it to-day. I will seek it for a year and a day, if I do not find it sooner, and if I have not found it then I will come back, believing that God does not wish that I should see it."

Then the knight who was next to Gawain held up the cross-shaped hilt of his sword, as Gawain had done, and made the same vow, that he would seek the Holy Grail for a year and a day, unless he found it sooner. And so it went around the table, and they all made the vow, and last of all Lancelot and Bors and Percivale and Galahad.

THE ROSE AND THE THRUSH

EUGENE FIELD

There was none other in the quiet valley so happy as the rose-tree,—none other so happy unless perchance it was the thrush who made his home in the linden yonder. The thrush loved the rose-tree's daughter, and he was happy in thinking that some day she would be his bride.

Now the rose-tree had many daughters, and each was beautiful; but the rose whom the thrush loved was more beautiful than her sisters, and all the wooers came wooing her until at last the fair creature's head was turned, and the rose grew capricious and disdainful.

The south wind was forever sighing and sobbing about. When spring calls from the North, "O south wind, where are you? Come hither, my sunny friend!" the south wind leaps from his couch in the far-off oasis, and hastens whither the spring-time calls. Wheresoever he goes he is

beloved. But when the south wind came to the rose-tree he would go no farther; he loved the rose, and he lingered about her with singing and sighing and protestations.

The thrush did not pester the rose with his protestations of love. He was not a particularly proud fellow, but he thought too much of the rose to vex her with his pleadings. But all day long he would perch in the thicket and sing his songs as only a thrush can sing to the beautiful rose he loves. And one day the thrush swooped down from the linden upon a monstrous devil's darning-needle that came spinning along and poised himself to stab the beautiful rose. Yes, like lightning the thrush swooped down on this murderous monster, and he bit him in two.

"How comes it," said the rose-tree to the thrush that day,—"how comes it that you do not woo my daughter? You have shown that you love her; why not speak to her?"

"No, I will wait," answered the thrush. "Let me show her by my devotion that I am worthy of her, and then perchance she will listen kindly to me when I speak to her."

The rose-tree thought very strange of this; in all her experience of bringing out her fair daughters into society she had never before to deal with so curious a lover as the thrush. She made up her mind to speak for him.

"My daughter," said she to the rose, "the thrush loves you; of all your wooers he is the most constant and the most amiable. I pray that you will hear kindly to his suit."

The rose laughed carelessly,—yes, merrily,—as if she heeded not the heartache which her indifference might cause the honest thrush.

"Mother, these suitors are pestering me beyond all endurance. As for the thrush who sends you to speak for him,—why, he is quite out of the question, I assure you. The truth is, mother, that I am to fill a higher station than that of bride to any of these simple rustic folk."

"Whom have you seen that you talk so vain-gloriously?" cried the rose-tree in alarm. "What flattery has instilled into you this fatal poison?"

"Have you not seen the poet who comes this way every morning?" asked the rose. "His face is noble, and he sings grandly to the pictures Nature spreads before his eyes. I should be his bride. Some day he will see me; he will bear me away upon his bosom; he will indite to me a poem that shall live forever!"

These words the thrush heard, and his heart sank within him. Yet the thrush sang on, and his song was full of his honest love.

It was the next morning that the poet came that way.

His eyes fell upon the rose-tree and upon her blooming daughters.

"What a beautiful rose!" cried the poet, and leaping over the old stone-wall he plucked the rose from the mother tree.

Then the rose-tree wept bitterly, and so did her other daughters.

The thrush saw the poet bearing the rose away, yet how could the fluttering little creature hope to prevail against the cruel invader? What could he do but twitter in anguish? So there are tragedies and heartaches in lives that are not human.

As the poet returned to the city he wore the rose upon his breast. The rose was happy, for the poet spoke to her now and then, and praised her loveliness, and she saw that her beauty had given him an inspiration.

"The rose despised my brother! Aha, aha, foolish rose, —but she shall wither!"

It was the breeze that spake; far away from the lake in the quiet valley its voice was very low, but the rose heard and trembled.

"It's a lie," cried the rose. "I shall not die. The poet loves me, and I shall live forever upon his bosom."

Yet a singular faintness—a faintness never felt before —came upon the rose; she bent her head and sighed. The heat—that was all—was very oppressive, and here

at the entrance to the city the tumult aroused an aggravating dust.

The poet seemed suddenly to forget the rose. A carriage was approaching, and from the carriage leaned a lady, who beckoned to the poet. The poet hastened to answer her call. And as he hastened the rose fell into the hot highway, and the poet paid no heed. There in the hot dust lay the fainting rose, all stained and dying. She was no longer a beautiful rose; no, nor even a reminiscence of one—simply a colorless, scentless, ill-shapen mass. But all at once she heard a familiar voice, and then she saw familiar eyes. The voice was tender and the eyes were kindly.

"O honest thrush," cried the rose, "is it you who have come to reproach me for my folly?"

"No, no, dear rose," said the thrush, "how should I speak ill to you? Come, rest your poor head on my breast, and let me bear you home."

THE FIRST FIRST OF APRIL

OLIVER HERFORD

The Infant Earth one April day
(The first of April—so they say),
When toddling on her usual round,
Spied in her path upon the ground
A dainty little garland ring
Of violets—and *that* was Spring.
She caught the pretty wreath of Spring
And all the birds began to sing,
But when she thought to hold it tight
'Twas rudely jerked from out her sight;
And while she looked for it in vain
The birds all flew away again.

Alas! The flowering wreath of Spring
Was fastened to a silken string,
And Time, the urchin, laughed for glee
(He held the other end you see).
And that was long ago, they say,
When Time was young and Earth was gay.
Now Earth is old and Time is lame,
Yet still they play the same old game:
Old Earth still reaches out for Spring,
And Time—well—Time still holds the string.

THE YOUNG MAIL RIDER

RUSSELL DOUBLEDAY

When John presented himself as a candidate for mail rider, Burns, the boss at Ragged Edge, looked at him in good-natured amusement.

"Well, if you think you can do it, go ahead and try. But it means work and perhaps danger."

The boy spent several days in going over the ground, noting the best line to follow and making sure of his landmarks before the snows should cover up everything. He found at the top of the pass an old, abandoned cabin, and marked its location in his mind in case of future necessity.

"You had better get a good strong horse," said Mr. Worth, as John was mounting Baldy—for the trips were already begun. "Baldy's too old. You'll need a good young horse."

"Oh, no, sir. Baldy knows me and I know Baldy, and I think I can get along better with him than I could with any other horse," he said rather anxiously. "Besides," he continued, "Baldy can smell a trail through two feet of snow, and isn't he in good condition? You can't see a rib."

"All right," returned his father. "He's yours, and the job's yours. Go ahead and work it out the way you think best."

So the boy and the horse encountered the perils of the mountain pass together, friends always, but now sole companions.

"Well, I must say you have done pretty well so far," said Burns one day, as John dismounted and handed him the packet of mail.

"Yes; haven't missed a trip," he answered rather proudly. "Don't know if I'd have made such a good record if I hadn't the best snow horse going through. Been snow-shoeing it two weeks ago if it hadn't been for Baldy." He stopped to stroke the animal's nose affectionately. "I vowed this should be his last trip, it's getting harder and harder; but he's such good company I hate to give him up."

Next morning, as Burns handed out the return mail, he warned the boy that bad weather was coming, and suggested that he leave the horse behind, for he would be more of a hindrance than a help.

"Those clouds mean that we are in for a big storm," he said, "and I tell you that you and your horse had better stay here. I can't boss you, but I advise you not to fool with that storm—it's coming sure, and you don't know what it means up here."

In spite of this John decided to go on Baldy, for he wished to leave him safe at his father's camp.

The hard traveling had begun to tell on the sturdy little horse; his body was not so round as formerly, nor his step so springy, but he carried his young rider well for all that and was as knowing and careful as ever.

John tucked the package of precious letters in his saddle-bag, and after calling out a good-by to Burns, he set out. He had barely reached high ground when snow began to fall heavily and with it came a blustering, roaring wind that buffeted the travelers roundly. The horse slackened his speed, and, by signs that John knew well, advised retreat. The boy urged him forward, however, saying aloud—for he always felt as if Baldy could understand everything he told him—

"No, old man, if we go back now you'll have to winter in the Ragged Edge gulch and you'll die sure. We can make it all right."

The good beast seemed to acquiesce in his master's judgment, for he went along without further hesitation. The trail now was covered almost knee deep, and the blinding mist and whirling flakes blotted out nearly all landmarks. They pushed forward, at one moment right in the teeth of the blast, at the next turning a sharp corner and running before it, heads down, eyes almost closed,

the rider depending on the keen senses of his steed to find the way.

At length Baldy stopped, and John felt, with a thrill of real alarm, that he had lost the trail. To go forward seemed impossible, to go back almost as bad. To and fro they went, in vain effort to find the way. Baldy still floundered along, his hoofs covered with gunny sacks to prevent their sharp edges from cutting through the crust; but his sides began to heave and his legs shake under him, for the exertion of breaking through the drifts from one wind-swept ridge to another was most exhausting. John could stand it no longer; he slipped off his back and caught his head in both arms:

"Why did I bring you out here?" he said, in bitter self-reproach. It was evident that if he did not find shelter soon his old friend would freeze to death.

There was one chance for himself: he was light and might be able to make his way over the snow to Ragged Edge Camp, perhaps; but what would then become of his faithful friend? There was only one chance for the lives of both. John remembered the abandoned hut at the top of the pass—if they could possibly reach that, they might be able to weather the storm together. He determined to try. Fastening Baldy's bridle rein to his fore leg, so that he could not follow, and giving him an affectionate pat on the nose, he started off, his teeth set

determinedly. A few yards away the driving snow shut Baldy off from his sight entirely, but a gentle whinny reached him and brought a lump in his throat.

"That's all right, old boy," he called aloud; "I'm not going to leave you. I'll be back."

He turned in the direction he thought the cabin should be and fought his way on. On the high bare ridges the blast nearly took him off his feet and in the hollows the snow banks engulfed him. A vision of Baldy standing dejectedly alone, his rough brown coat turned white by the sleet, his faithful old eyes half closed, drove the boy on irresistibly, for, next to his brother, he loved his horse better than anything else in the world.

He ploughed through drift after drift, following one ridge, for only by keeping one such landmark in sight was it possible to go in any given direction. Even his stout heart began to despair; he was weary, his body bathed in sweat, yet his face, feet, and hands numb with cold; the elements seemed to conspire against him. He was only a boy, and it seemed hard that he should give up his life. He stood still and looked drearily down the hillside. Nothing, nothing but the deadly snow. He began to wonder if it were worth while to fight against such odds any longer.

Suddenly he gave a cry of delight. For the wind rent the snow apart for an instant and he caught a glimpse

through the driving flakes of a dead tree and near it a peculiarly shaped, great gray rock. They seemed positively human, like old friends, for the shelter he sought stood just to the left of them. He began at once to look for a place where Baldy might be led down in safety. This was impossible where he stood—it was far too steep and rocky. A detour made with infinite pains and exertion brought him to the cabin by a path that he thought the sure-footed beast might follow.

How John found his way to the half-frozen Baldy and then slowly got him back to the cabin he never knew. Only his indomitable pluck and his training pulled him through. But at last the terrible journey was safely accomplished, and boy and steed stood before the low door.

John took off the saddle, and the intelligent animal, bending his knees a little, squeezed through. The boy followed, throwing the saddle blanket over the horse's shivering flanks and wondering if they were safe now. At best it was a poor shelter; almost as low within as without, but at least there was a roof and a windbreak.

After a short rest, John scrambled up the slope to the dead tree and broke off some branches. The wood was still dry, except on the very outside, and made good kindling. Soon a fire was blazing, and boy and beast absorbed the heat gratefully.

Thoroughly warmed, and with new courage and strength, John went outside again and began to stop up the chinks with snow and to scrape banks of it up against the walls. The heat from within melted the inner surface, which afterwards froze and prevented the wind from blowing it away.

All day John was kept busy gathering wood and patching the walls. By nightfall a good supply of fuel had been collected and the little cabin was by comparison comfortable. There was little sleep for the boy that night, however. The fury of the storm did not abate; the wind howled round their little refuge, shaking it so it seemed as if it would be impossible for it to withstand the blast.

The fire required constant replenishment, and Baldy was so restless that continual watchfulness was necessary to keep from under his feet, though the good horse would never have harmed his young master except by accident. Both boy and beast began also to suffer greatly from hunger.

At dawn the gale subsided somewhat, and John realized that he must get food at once if his life and that of his horse were to be saved. Breaking through the snow bank which had piled up against the rude door, he made his way to a creek half a mile down the mountain and cut with his knife an armful of poplar saplings and carried them back to the hut. Baldy tore off the bark from these and munched it contentedly; another armful was added

to the store, and then John bade his equine friend good-by and started off to find food and shelter for himself.

The six miles that separated the lonely cabin from the mining camp were the longest and most trying that John had ever traveled, he thought. From dawn till noon he battled with the snow, and when at last he reached his father's house he was hardly able to answer the questions which his overjoyed family put to him.

A man was sent back to look after Baldy. He found that good horse chewing poplar bark as calmly as if he were in his own stable. For several days Baldy was kept in the cabin and fed on hay, which had to be carried to him on foot; then, after considerable trouble, for a trail had to be stamped down much of the way, he was led back in triumph to the camp, where John, rather weak in the knees, greeted him joyfully.

For a week Ragged Edge Camp did not receive any mail. Late one afternoon John appeared on snow-shoes, bearing the precious packet. He had to repeat his story many times, and Burns had the satisfaction of qualifying his admiration of the boy's pluck with an emphatic "I told you so."

John continued to carry the mail between Ragged Edge Camp and the railroad every three or four days: at first on foot, then, as the snow melted, on his faithful Baldy once more.

BEN, THE BLACK BEAR

WILLIAM H. WRIGHT

This shed in which Ben lived had the earth for a floor, and adjoining it there was a carriage-house with a floor some ten or twelve inches above the ground. One day soon after Ben was placed in the shed I came home and found a large pile of fresh earth and a hole leading down under the carriage-house. I could hear Ben digging and puffing at the bottom of it, and when I called he came out, his silky black coat covered with dirt. I had never seen him dig before, unless it was for a root, or the time I had buried him alive to hush his crying in the little cave in the Bitter Roots; and it was several days before I understood what he was about.

Then it came to me that he was building himself a winter home. I have learned since that bears in captivity by no means always show a desire to hibernate; but Ben had the instinct thoroughly developed. And instinct it was, pure and simple, for he had never seen a bear's den except the one that he left as a tiny cub on the day that his mother was killed. He evidently regarded the work as a most serious and important undertaking, and I watched his labors with much interest. He devoted

several hours each day to shaping his cave, and at times would break suddenly away in the very middle of a romp and hurry to his digging. If I caught him by his short tail and dragged him out of the hole, he would rush back to his work as soon as released. I even enlarged the entrance so that I could crawl in and watch him work, and on one or two occasions I undertook to help him. But, while he would not resent this, my work did not seem to please him, as he moved the dirt which I had dug and resettled it to suit himself. He piled loose earth up under the floor of the carriage-house and pushed and jammed it tight up against the boards until there was not a crack or space left through which a draught could reach him.

The hole itself he made about four feet in diameter and about three feet deep; and when this part of the work was finished he turned his attention to furnishing his home. He found some cast-off clothing in the alley near his shed and dragged it into his den under the carriage-house. After arranging this first instalment he hurried out to look for more, and for several evenings the furnishing of the sleeping apartment occupied the major part of his time. Once he came back dragging a fine cashmere shawl that he pulled off a clothesline where one of the neighbors had hung it to air! Not until the floor of his den was several inches deep in rags did he give up foraging and once more return to his usual habits.

And then, one morning, when I went to the shed for kindling, there was no Ben to greet me. The ground was buried several inches deep in snow and quite a drift had sifted through the crack under the door; and I saw by following Ben's chain that it led down under the carriage-house, and knew that he was now enjoying the comforts that he had made ready a month before. As long as the severe weather lasted Ben remained in his cave. But there was nothing either mysterious or curious about his condition. Sometimes, in the coldest weather, I would call him out and he never failed to come. It usually took three calls to bring him, however. At my first cry of "Ben!" there would be no sound; then, at a louder "Ben!" there would be a shaking of the chain, then quiet again; but at the third peremptory call there would be a few puffs and snorts and out he would come, fairly steaming from the warmth of his house.

I often tried to get him to eat at such times, but he would only smell of the food; then he would stand up on his hind feet with his forepaws against my shoulders, lap my face and hands with his tongue, and crawl back to his nest. Several times I crept down into his den to find out how he slept. He was curled up much as a dog would be and seemed simply to be having a good nap. The amount of heat that his body gave out was astonishing.



I have thrust my hand under him as he slept and it actually felt hot. The steam, too, that came up through the cracks of the floor of the carriage-house not only covered the carriage with frost, but coated the whole inside of the room.

For more than a year, or until he got so large and rough that he broke the rockers from several chairs that he upset in his mad gallops around the rooms, he was allowed the privilege of the house. He used to stand up and touch the keys of the piano gently, then draw back and listen as long as the vibration lasted. He was fond, too, of being dragged about on his back by a rope that he held fast in his teeth. He never tired of this sport, and would get his rope and pester you until you gave him a drag to get rid of him. He had several playthings with which he would amuse himself for hours, and one of these was a block of wood that had replaced the rope ball that he had been used to juggle on his trip through the Bitter Roots. Another was ten or twelve feet of old garden hose. This he would seize in his teeth by the middle and shake it as a dog would shake a snake until the ends fairly snapped. Once, when he had hold of the hose, I put my mouth to one end and called through it. He was all attention at once, and when I called again he took the opposite end in his paws, seated himself squarely on the ground, and held

one eye to the opening to see where the sound came from.

This sitting down to things was characteristic of him. He would never do anything that he could sit down to until he had deliberately settled himself in that comfortable position. A mirror was a great puzzle to him and he never fully solved the riddle of where the other bear kept himself. He would stand in front and look at his reflection, then try to touch it with his paw. Finding the glass in the road, he would tip the mirror forward and look behind it; then start in and walk several times around it, trying to catch up with the illusive bear.

But Ben's desire to catch the looking-glass bear was as nothing to his determination to catch the kitchen cat. This was his supreme ambition, and, although he never realized it, there was one occasion on which he came within sight of success. When he was a small cub and admitted familiarly to the house, he had often chased the cat around the kitchen, until everything had been upset except the stove; or until the cat, watching her chance, had escaped to the woodshed to go into hiding for an hour to get her nerves quieted down. But his final banishment from the house had established a forced truce between them. He was not allowed in her territory, and she took care not to trespass on his.

One day, however, when Ben was nearly two years old,

he was, for some reason or other, allowed to come into the kitchen for a few moments. And as he entered the room he spied the cat. Instantly his forgotten dreams returned; and when pussy, her tail fluffed up to four times its rightful size, took refuge in the kitchen pantry, Ben very deliberately crossed the kitchen and blocked the pantry door. For a few seconds the two glared at each other and then, with a spit and a yowl, the cat made a mad dash around the pantry shelves and, amid the din of falling stew pans, vaulted clear over the bear's head and crouched by the wood box behind the stove. Now Ben, when a small cub, had been used to going under that stove, and he saw no reason for not taking the same old route. His head went under all right, but for an instant the massive shoulders stuck. Then the powerful hind feet were gathered under him, there was a ripping of linoleum as the sharp nails tore through it, the hind legs straightened out, and the stove went over with a mighty crash. A dozen feet of stove-pipe came tumbling down, the room was filled with smoke, and from underneath the wreck a frightened cat leaped through the door closely followed by a disappointed bear. This was Ben's last visit inside the house.

WORDS

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND

The robin repeats his two musical words,
The meadow-lark whistles his one refrain;
And steadily, over and over again,
The same song swells from a hundred birds.

Bobolink, chickadee, blackbird, and jay,
Thrasher, and woodpecker, cuckoo, and wren,
Each sings its word, or phrase, and then
It has nothing further to sing or say.

Into the word, or that sweet little phrase,
All there may be of its life must crowd;
And lulling and liquid, or hoarse and loud,
It breathes out its burden of joy and praise.

A little child sits in his father's door,
Chatting and singing with careless tongue;
A thousand beautiful words are sung,
And he holds unuttered a thousand more.

Words measure power; and they measure thine;
Greater art thou in thy prattling moods

Than all the singers of all the woods;
They are brutes only, but thou art divine.

Words measure destiny. Power to declare
Infinite ranges of passion and thought
Holds with the infinite only its lot,—
Is of eternity only the heir.

Words measure life, and they measure its joy!
Thou hast more joy in thy childish years
Than the birds of a hundred tuneful spheres,
So—sing with the beautiful birds, my boy!

TOM HARROD'S DIFFICULT JOURNEY

GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON

It was nine o'clock or so in the morning before the conditions became such that Tom Harrod could look about him and plan his further proceedings. He was very hungry, and he had neither food nor the means of procuring food. His rifle, his powder-horn, and his bullet pouch had been taken away from him by his British captors. So also had been the meagre provisions with which he had left Vincennes. He was out there alone on the prairie, nearly two hundred and fifty miles away from

friends or help, without a morsel to eat and without any of those means upon which he was accustomed to depend for food supplies in every wilderness.

His hunger was sharp but it was not yet agonizing, and he knew that there are many things which a man may eat in an emergency. The rain was falling in torrents now, and Tom reflected that it would soon put out the prairie fire. He hurried forward, therefore, hoping to reach some unburned region where the chance of getting food might be better than where he was. As he stumbled along in water several inches deep he caught sight of a fluttering prairie chicken, which was alternately running and trying in vain to fly. He instantly gave chase, and after ten minutes or so he caught the bird. It was a very young prairie chicken. Evidently it had been caught in the prairie fire. Its wing feathers had been so far burned off that it could no longer fly, but was otherwise uninjured, and to poor, starving Tom Harrod it meant breakfast. Pushing on for half a mile, he reached a little clump of trees, and there, with the aid of his tinder box he managed to create a fire and cook his bird. He had no salt, but savagely hungry as he was, he devoured the bird with a relish keener than many persons living in more civilized conditions ever feel for the most daintily prepared food.

Where his next meal was to come from, Tom did not know, but he was well used to such uncertainty, and his

task now was to push forward toward Kaskaskia with all possible speed. After the fashion of the Indian runners, he adopted the dog-trot as his gait, and traveled at the rate of six or seven miles an hour.

Accustomed as he was to travel at this rate, if Tom Harrod had been reasonably well supplied with rations, he would have covered a distance of sixty or seventy miles a day; or even, perhaps, a third more than that. But he had no rations at all, and much of his time must be given to the task of finding food.

During that day he continued to press forward. It was late in the season, but there are always some prairie chickens that lay eggs late in the fall, and as he hurried onward he kept his eyes open for the nests of these. Fortunately, he found perhaps a dozen of the eggs, already roasted by the prairie fire. He pressed on until nightfall without pausing to search for other food supplies.

But after he had slept, and when morning came, he found himself again savagely hungry. He had by this time reached unburned prairie, and as he hurried forward he stripped off handfuls of the sun-parched grass heads and chewed them as any horse might have done. There were minute seeds in them, and the starch and gluten of these somewhat appeased the pangs of hunger, but he knew he could not long keep up his march upon so meagre a diet as that. Presently he saw in the distance

a fringe of cottonwood trees, which indicated the presence there of a river or creek, or at the very least, a brook. This gave him hope, for if he could reach a bottom land of any kind he was sure to find snails there, and earth worms; and Tom Harrod had more than once in his life been reduced to the eating of such food by way of averting starvation.

It was hard traveling through the tall prairie grass, but Tom pushed onward, making all of speed that he could, and about noon he reached a little river, the water of which was comparatively clear, because of a stony bottom and a more rapid current than the streams in the flat prairie usually have.

Tom understood the significance of this, for since he had set out from the Ohio he had diligently studied the geography of the Southern Illinois country, and he knew now he was on what is called the upheaval—the rolling region where streams flow less sluggishly than they do farther north, where the prairies are as flat as a floor.

There was a double joy to Tom in this discovery. It meant that he had made much better progress on his western journey than he had supposed, and it meant fish. These more rapidly flowing streams were alive with large perch and catfish, but he had no means of catching those wary creatures. But the shores of such streams were thickly thronged with little fish of the kind variously

known as sunfish, goggle eyes, pumpkin seeds, bream, and by other names. These fish are not shy—indeed, they are almost tame. They vary in size from an inch long to four, or even five inches. They are not much esteemed as food fishes, because their flesh is rather dry, but they are fairly edible, they are easily caught, and Tom Harrod was not disposed to be over particular about the condition of his fish.

The bed of the stream was a mass of stones and Tom set to work to make a trap. He built a little semi-circular wall from one point of the bank to another. In the middle of the wall he left a little opening, into which he fitted one of the larger stones, so as to enclose the semi-circular space completely. Having satisfied himself as to the fit, he removed his gate-stone, placing it where he might easily and quickly drop it into place when the trap should be sufficiently thronged with fish. Then he gathered worms of every kind he could find. These he broke into fragments, and with them he baited his pool.

It was not long before the sunfish swarmed in to feast upon the food he had provided for them. Then, wading, he dropped the gate-stone into its place, completely imprisoning the fish. After that his task was easy. He had only to catch the fish in his hands, and throw them out upon the bank. Some of them were of fairly good size, but some were very small. He did not care for the

difference or make any discrimination. A hungry man, with a long journey before him, is not apt to question his food supply too closely, as to its desirability. It is quantity, not quality, that one cares about under such circumstances, and Tom had quantity the more in mind, because he had decided that here was the best source of food supply he was likely to encounter on his journey. He determined to stay where he was until he should have secured enough of the little fishes to keep life in him during the remainder of his journey. Accordingly, although he was well nigh famished, he removed the gate-stone before proceeding to collect fallen twigs and make a fire and cook the fish already caught. And during the process of cooking and the subsequent eating, he several times paused to close his trap and to throw the imprisoned fish ashore.

By nightfall he had caught and cooked enough of the fish, as he reckoned, to last him through the remainder of his journey. He was by that time overtired, and after securing his supply of cooked fish against all possible enemies, he stretched himself upon the wet ground to sleep. About five o'clock in the morning he awoke and resumed his dog-trot through the cold, drenching rain storm toward Kaskaskia, where, without further adventure of any kind, he arrived about four o'clock one afternoon, and delivered Captain Helm's messages to Colonel Clark.

THE DEATH OF NELSON

ROBERT SOUTHEY

Nelson, certain of a triumphant issue to the day, asked Blackwood what he should consider as a victory. That officer answered, that, considering the handsome way in which battle was offered by the enemy, their apparent determination for a fair trial of strength, and the situation of the land, he thought it would be a glorious result if fourteen were captured. He replied: "I shall not be satisfied with less than twenty."

Soon afterwards he asked him if he did not think there was a signal warning. Captain Blackwood made answer that he thought the whole fleet seemed very clearly to understand what they were about. These words were scarcely spoken before that signal was made which will be remembered as long as the language, or even the memory, of England shall endure — Nelson's last signal: — "England expects every man to do his duty!" It was received throughout the fleet with a shout of answering acclamation, made sublime by the spirit which it breathed and the feeling which it expressed. "Now," said Lord Nelson, "I can do no more.

We must trust to the Great Disposer of all events, and the justice of our cause."

It had been part of Nelson's prayer that the British fleet might be distinguished by humanity in the victory which he expected. Setting an example himself, he twice gave orders to cease firing upon the *Redoubtable*, supposing that she had struck, because her great guns were silent; for, as she carried no flag, there was no means of instantly ascertaining the fact. From this ship, which he had thus twice spared, he received his death. A ball fired from her mizzentop, which, in the then situation of the two vessels, was not more than fifteen yards from that part of the deck where he was standing, struck the epaulette on his left shoulder. He fell on his face. Hardy, who was a few steps from him, turning round, saw three men raising him up.

"They have done for me at last, Hardy," said he.

"I hope not!" cried Hardy.

Yet even now, not for a moment losing his presence of mind, Nelson observed, as they were carrying him down the ladder, that the tiller ropes, which had been shot away, were not yet replaced, and ordered that new ones should be rove immediately; then, that he might not be seen by the crew, he took out his handkerchief, and covered his face and his stars.

The cockpit was crowded with wounded and dying men, over whose bodies he was with some difficulty conveyed, and laid upon a pallet in the midshipmen's berth. It was soon perceived, upon examination, that the wound was mortal. This, however, was concealed from all, except Captain Hardy, the chaplain, and the medical attendants. All that could be done was to fan him, and frequently to give him lemonade, to alleviate his intense thirst. He was in great pain, and expressed much anxiety for the event of the action, which now began to declare itself.

As often as a ship struck, the crew of the *Victory* hurrahed; and at every hurrah a visible expression of joy gleamed in the eyes, and marked the countenance, of the dying hero. But he became impatient to see Captain Hardy; and as that officer, though often sent for, could not leave the deck, Nelson feared that some fatal cause prevented him, and repeatedly cried: "Will no one bring Hardy to me? He must be killed! He is surely dead!"

An hour and ten minutes elapsed, from the time when Nelson received his wound, before Hardy could come to him. They shook hands in silence; Hardy in vain struggling to suppress the feelings of the most painful, and yet sublimest moment.

"Well, Hardy," said Nelson, "how goes the day with us?"

"Very well," replied Hardy; "ten ships have struck, but five of their van have tacked, and show an intention of bearing down upon the *Victory*. I have called two or three of our fresh ships round, and have no doubt of giving them a drubbing."

"I hope," said Nelson, "none of our ships have struck?"

Hardy answered, "There was no fear of that."

Then, and not till then, Nelson spoke of himself. "I am a dead man, Hardy," said he; "I am going fast: it will be all over with me soon."

Calling Hardy again, he said to him, in a low voice, "Don't throw me overboard;" and he desired that he might be buried by his parents, unless it should please the king to order otherwise. Then, "Kiss me, Hardy," said he.

Hardy knelt down, and kissed his cheek; and Nelson said: "Now I am satisfied. Thank God, I have done my duty."

Hardy stood over him in silence for a moment or two, then knelt again, and kissed his forehead.

"Who is that?" said Nelson; and being informed, he replied, "God bless you, Hardy." And Hardy then left him — forever.

UNDER THE TREES

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD

When the summer days are bright and long,
And the little birds pipe a merry song,
'Tis sweet in the shady woods to lie,
And gaze at the leaves and the twinkling sky,
Drinking the while the rare, cool breeze,
Under the trees, under the trees.

When winter comes, and the days are dim,
And the wind is singing a mournful hymn,
'Tis sweet in the faded woods to stray,
And tread the dead leaves into the clay,
Thinking of all life's mysteries
Under the trees, under the trees.

Summer or winter, day or night,
The woods are an ever-new delight;
They give us peace, and they make us strong,
Such wonderful balms to them belong:
So, living or dying, I'll take mine ease
Under the trees, under the trees.

RICHARD CARR'S BABY

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

A few years ago, all the boys living in the town of Princeton who were at the age when it is easy to remember the fall, winter, spring, and summer as the football, coasting, swimming, and baseball seasons, regarded Richard Carr as embodying their ideal of human greatness.

When they read in the history primers how George Washington became the Father of his Country, they felt sure that with a like opportunity Richard Carr would come to the front and be the step-father of his country at least.

They lay in wait for him at the post-office, and as soon as he came in sight, would ask for his mail and run to give it to him; they would go ahead of him on the other side of the street, and cross over and meet him with a very important "How do you do, Mr. Carr?" and were quite satisfied if he gave them an amused "Hello!" in turn.

They hung photographs of him and the woodcuts from the daily papers around their rooms, and their efforts to

imitate his straight, military walk, with shoulders squared and head erect, were of great benefit to their lungs and personal appearance.

Those who have not already guessed the position which Richard Carr held in the college will be surprised to learn that he was captain of the college foot-ball team, and those who cannot understand the admiration that Arthur Waller, and Willie Beck, and the rest of the small fry of Princeton felt for this young man would better stop here—for neither will they understand this story.

Among all these young hero-worshippers, Richard Carr's most devoted follower was Arthur Waller—for while the other boys, looking upon Carr as their ideal, hoped in time that they might themselves be even as great as he, Arthur felt that to him this glorious possibility must be denied. Arthur was neither strong nor sturdy, and could, he knew, never hope to be like the captain of the foot-ball team, whose strength and physique seemed, for this reason, all the grander to him.

It was the first part of the last half of the Yale-Princeton foot-ball match, played on the Princeton grounds.

Arthur Waller had crept between the spectators until he had reached the very front of the crowd, and had stood through the first half of the game with bated breath, his

finger-nails pressed into his palms, and his eyes following only one of the players. He was entirely too much excited to shout or call as the others did; and was perfectly silent except for the little gasps of fear he gave involuntarily when Richard Carr struck the ground with more than the usual number of men on top of him.

Suddenly, Mr. Hobbes, of Yale, kicked the ball, but kicked it sideways; and so, instead of going straight down the field, it turned and whirled over the heads of the crowd and settled among the carriages. A panting little Yale man tore wildly after it, beseeching Mr. Hobbes, in agonizing tones, to put him "on side." Mr. Hobbes ran past the spot where the ball would strike, and the Yale man dashed after it through the crowd. Behind him, his hair flying, his eyes fixed on the ball over his head, every muscle on a strain, came Richard Carr. With his head in the air, he did not see Arthur striving to get out of his way; he only heard a faint cry of pain when he stumbled for an instant, and, looking back, saw the crowd closing around a little boy who was lying very still and white, but who was not crying. Richard Carr stopped as he ran back, and setting Arthur on his feet asked:

"Are you hurt, youngster?" But, as Arthur only stared at him and said nothing, the champion hurried on again into the midst of the fray.

Said the manager of the team, as the players were gathered in the dressing-rooms after the game, "Carr knocked over a little boy this afternoon, and hurt him quite badly, I believe."

"What's that?" said Richard Carr.

"They say that you hurt a little fellow when you ran into the crowd during the last half."

"Those boys shouldn't be allowed to stand in front there," said Richard Carr; "but I didn't know I hurt him. Who was he? Where does he live? Do you know?"

"It was the widow Waller's son, sir," volunteered Sam, the colored attendant. "That's her house with the trees around it; you can see the roof from here. I think that's where they took him."

"Took him!" exclaimed Richard Carr, catching up his great-coat. "Was he so badly hurt? You wait until I come back, Sam."

A pale, gentle-faced woman, who looked as if she had been crying, came to the door when Richard Carr rang the bell of the cottage. When she saw his foot-ball costume, the look of welcome on her face died out very suddenly.

"Does the little boy live here who was hurt on the athletic grounds?" asked Richard Carr.

"Yes, sir," answered the lady coldly.

"I came to see how he was; I am the man who ran against him. I wish to explain to you how it happened—I suppose you are Mrs. Waller?"

The lady only bowed her head, and said nothing.

"It was accidental, of course," continued Carr. "I hope he is all right now."

Before the lady could answer, Richard Carr's eyes wandered from her face and caught sight of a little figure lying on a sofa in the wide hall. Stepping across the floor as lightly as he could in his heavy shoes, Carr sat down beside Arthur on the sofa.

"Well, old man," he said, taking Arthur's hands in his, "I hope I didn't hurt you much. No bones broken,—are there? You were very plucky not to cry. It was a very hard fall, and I'm very, very sorry; but I didn't see you, you know."

"Oh, no, sir, I knew you didn't see me, and I thought maybe you would come when you heard I was hurt. I didn't mind it a bit, from you. Because Willie Beck says—he is the captain of our team, you know—that you wouldn't hurt any one if you could help it."

"And who is Willie Beck?"

"Willie Beck! Why, don't you know Willie Beck?" exclaimed Arthur, who was rapidly losing his awe of Richard Carr. "He says he knows you; he is the boy who holds your coat for you during the practice games."

"Oh, yes, the boy who holds my coat for me. And he is the captain of your team, is he? Well, the next time you play, you wear this cap and tell Willie Beck and the rest of the boys that I gave it to you because you were so plucky when I knocked you down."

He pressed his orange and black cap into Arthur's hand and rose to go, but Arthur looked so wistfully at him, and then at the captain's cap, that he stopped.

"I'd like to wear it, Mr. Carr, I'd like to ever so much, mamma," turning his eyes to where Mrs. Waller stood looking out at the twilight and weeping softly,—"but you see, sir, I don't play myself. I generally referee. I'm not very strong, sir, not at present; but I will be some day,—won't I, mamma? And the doctor says I must keep quiet until I am older, and not play games that are rough. For he says that if I got a shock or a fall I might not get over it, or it might put me back—and I do so want to get well just as soon as I can. You see, sir, it's my spine——"

Richard Carr gave a sharp gasp of pain and dropped on his knees beside the sofa, and buried his face beside the boy's on the pillow, with his arms thrown tightly around his shoulder.

"Oh, but I didn't blame *you*, Mr. Carr! I know you didn't see me. Don't you worry about me, Mr. Carr, I'm going to get well some day. Indeed I am, sir!"



As soon as the doctor said Arthur could be moved, Richard Carr used to stop for him in a two-seated carriage and drive him in state to the foot-ball field. And after he had drawn up the carriage where Arthur could get a good view of the game, he would hand over the reins to one of those vulture-like individuals who hover around the field of battle, waiting for some one to be hurt, and who are known as "substitutes." In his orange and black uniform, one of these fellows made a very gorgeous coachman indeed.

And though the students might yell, and the townspeople shout ever so loudly, Richard Carr only heard one shrill little voice, which called to him above all the others; and as that voice got stronger day by day, Richard Carr got back his old spirit and interest in the game, which, since the Yale match, he seemed to have lost.

The team said Richard Carr's "Baby" brought them luck, and they called him their "Mascot," and presented him with a flag of the college colors; and when the weather grew colder they used to smother him in their white woollen jerseys, so that he looked like a fat polar bear.

Richard Carr is out West now at the head of a great sheep ranch, and Arthur Waller enters Princeton next year. I do not know whether he will be on the team, though he is strong enough; but I am sure he will help

to hand down the fame of Richard Carr, and that he will do it in such a way that his hero will be remembered as the possessor of certain qualities, perhaps not so highly prized, but almost as excellent, as were those which fitted him to be captain of the team.

HANGING A PICTURE

JEROME K. JEROME

You never saw such a commotion up and down a house, in all your life, as when my Uncle Podger undertook to do a job. A picture would have come home from the frame-maker's and be standing in the dining-room, waiting to be put up; and Aunt Podger would ask what was to be done with it, and Uncle Podger would say:

"Oh, you leave that to *me*. Don't you, any of you, worry yourselves about that. *I'll* do all that."

And then he would take off his coat and begin. He would send the girl out for sixpen'orth of nails, and then one of the boys after her to tell her what size to get; and, from that, he would gradually work down, and start the whole house.

"Now you go and get me my hammer, Will," he would shout; "and you bring me the rule, Tom; and I shall

want the step-ladder, and I had better have a kitchen-chair, too; and, Jim! you run round to Mr. Goggles, and tell him, 'Pa's kind regards, and hopes his leg's better; and will he lend him his spirit-level?' And don't you go, Maria, because I shall want somebody to hold me the light; and when the girl comes back, she must go out again for a bit of picture-cord; and Tom—where's Tom?—Tom, you come here; I shall want you to hand me up the picture."

And then he would lift up the picture, and drop it, and it would come out of the frame, and he would try to save the glass, and cut himself; and then he would spring round the room, looking for his handkerchief. He could not find his handkerchief, because it was in the pocket of the coat he had taken off, and he did not know where he had put the coat, and all the house had to leave off looking for his tools, and start looking for his coat; while he would dance round and hinder them.

"Doesn't anybody in the whole house know where my coat is? I never came across such a set in all my life—upon my word I didn't. Six of you!—and you can't find a coat that I put down not five minutes ago! Well, of all the——"

Then he'd get up, and find that he had been sitting on it, and would call out:

"Oh, you can give it up! I've found it myself now.

Might just as well ask the cat to find anything as expect you people to find it."

And, when half an hour had been spent in tying up his finger, and a new glass had been got, and the tools, and the ladder, and the chair, and the candle had been brought, he would have another go, the whole family, including the girl and the charwoman, standing round in a semicircle, ready to help. Two people would have to hold the chair, and a third would help him up on it, and hold him there, and a fourth would hand him a nail, and a fifth would pass him up the hammer, and he would take hold of the nail, and drop it.

"There!" he would say, in an injured tone, "now the nail's gone."

And we would all have to go down on our knees and grovel for it, while he would stand on the chair, and grunt, and want to know if he was to be kept there all the evening.

The nail would be found at last, and by that time he would have lost the hammer.

"Where's the hammer? What did I do with the hammer? Seven of you, gaping round there, and you don't know what I did with the hammer!"

We would find the hammer for him, and then he would have lost sight of the mark he had made on the wall, where the nail was to go in, and each of us had to get

up on a chair, beside him, and see if we could find it; and we would each discover it in a different place, and he would call us all fools, one after another, and tell us to get down. And he would take the rule, and re-measure, and find that he wanted half thirty-one and three-eighths inches from the corner, and would try to do it in his head, and go mad.

And we would all try to do it in our heads, and all arrive at different results, and sneer at one another. And in the general row, the original number would be forgotten, and Uncle Podger would have to measure it again.

He would use a bit of string this time, and at the critical moment, when he was leaning over the chair at an angle of forty-five, and trying to reach a point three inches beyond what was possible for him to reach, the string would slip, and down he would slide on to the piano, a really fine musical effect being produced by the suddenness with which his head and body struck all the notes at the same time.

And Aunt Maria would say that she would not allow the children to stand round and hear such language.

At last, Uncle Podger would get the spot fixed again, and put the point of the nail on it with his left hand, and take the hammer in his right hand. And, with the first blow, he would smash his thumb, and drop the hammer, with a yell, on somebody's toes.

Aunt Maria would mildly observe that, next time Uncle Podger was going to hammer a nail into the wall, she hoped he'd let her know in time, so that she could make arrangements to go and spend a week with her mother while it was being done.

"Oh! you women, you make such a fuss over everything," Uncle Podger would reply, picking himself up. "Why, I *like* doing a little job of this sort."

And then he would have another try, and, at the second blow, the nail would go clean through the plaster, and half the hammer after it, and Uncle Podger be precipitated against the wall with force nearly sufficient to flatten his nose.

Then we had to find the rule and the string again, and a new hole was made; and, about midnight, the picture would be up—very crooked and insecure, the wall for yards round looking as if it had been smoothed down with a rake, and everybody dead beat and wretched—except Uncle Podger.

"There you are," he would say, stepping heavily off the chair on to the charwoman's corns, and surveying the mess he had made with evident pride. "Why, some people would have had a man in to do a little thing like that!"

THE OLD FLAG

H. C. Bunner

Off with your hat as the flag goes by!
And let the heart have its say;
You're man enough for a tear in your eye
That you will not wipe away.

You're man enough for a thrill that goes
To your very finger-tips—
Ay! the lump just then in your throat that rose
Spoke more than your parted lips.

Lift up the boy on your shoulder, high,
And show him the faded shred—
Those stripes would be red as the sunset sky
If Death could have dyed them red.

The man that bore it with Death has lain
This twenty years and more;—
He died that the work should not be vain
Of the men who bore it before.

The man who bears it is bent and old,
And ragged his beard and gray,—
But look at his eye fire young and bold,
At the tune that he hears them play.

The old tune thunders through all the air,
And strikes right into the heart;—
If ever it calls for *you*, boy, be there!
Be there, and ready to start.

Off with your hat as the flag goes by!
Uncover the youngster's head!
Teach him to hold it holy and high,
For the sake of its sacred dead.

AN ADVENTURE WITH A WHALE

TEMPLE BROWN

While cruising on the coast of New Zealand, one day about 11.30 A. M., the lookout at the main hailed the deck with:

"Thar she b-l-o-w-s! Thar she b-l-o-w-s! Blows! B-l-o-w-s!"

"Where away?" promptly responded the officer of the deck.

"Four points off the lee bow! Blows sperm-whales! Blows! Blows!" came from aloft.

"How far off?" shouted the captain, roused out of his cabin by the alarm, as his head and shoulders appeared above deck. "Where are they heading?" he continued, as he went up the rigging on all fours.

"Blows about two miles and a half off, sir," replied Mr. Braxton, the mate, looking off the lee-bow with his glasses, "and coming to windward, I believe."

"Call all hands!" said the captain. "Haul up the mainsail, and back your main-yards. Hurry up there! Get your boats ready, Mr. Braxton!"

At the first alarm the men came swarming up the companionway of the forecastle, divesting themselves of superfluous articles of clothing, and scattering them indiscriminately about the deck. Rolling up their trousers, and girding their loins with their leather belts, taking a double reef until supper-time, they flitted nervously here and there in their bare legs and feet, observing every order with greatest alacrity, and holding themselves in readiness to go over the side of the vessel at the word of command.

There is a certain order, systematic action, or red tape, observed on all first-class whaling-vessels, however imperfectly disciplined some of the boat-crews may be. The captain indicates the boats he wishes to attack the

whales; the boat-header (an officer) and the boat-steerer (the harpooner) take their proper positions in the boat, the former at the stern and the latter at the bow, while suspended in the davits. At the proper moment the davit-tackles are run out by men on deck, and the boats drop with a lively splash; the sprightly oarsmen meantime leap the ship's rail, and, swinging themselves down the side of the vessel, tumble promiscuously into the boats just about the time the latter strike the water.

Although it may be said that there is a general scramble, there is not the least confusion. Every person and thing has the proper place assigned to it in a whaleboat; the officer has full command, but he is subject to the orders of the captain, who signals his instructions from the ship, usually by means of the light sails. The manner of going on to a whale, the number of men and their positions in the boat, and the kind of instruments and the manner of using them, have been perpetuated in this fishery for more than two centuries.

"Clear away the larboard and bow boats!" shouted the captain. "Get in ahead of the whales, Mr. Braxton, if you can. Here, cook, you and cooper lend a hand there with them davy-taycles. Are you ready? Hoist and swing your boats."

Down went the larboard boat and the bow boat almost simultaneously.

"Shove off! Up sail! Out oars! Pull ahead!" were the orders from Mr. Braxton, the officer of the larboard boat, in rapid succession. "Let's get clear of the ship. Come, bear a hand with that sail, do," he added coaxingly, with his eye on the third mate's boat. "Don't let 'em get in ahead of us."

"All right, sir; here you go, sheet," replied Vera, the harpooner, a well-developed and intelligent American-Portuguese, with his accustomed good spirits.

Hastily laying aside his paddle, like a tiger couchant, with eager eye upon his prey, he picked up his harpoon, and stood erect, his tall, muscular frame swaying above the head of the boat. He placed his thigh in the clumsy-cleat,—a contrivance to steady the harpooner against the motions of the waves,—and with his long, springy arms turned and balanced the harpoon-pole previous to poising the instrument in the air.

Under the motive power of sail and paddle the space between the boat and whale was rapidly diminishing, and apparently they would soon come into collision. The enormous head of the cetacean, as it plowed a wide furrow in the ocean, and the tall column of vapor rising from the blow-holes, as it spouted ten or twelve feet in the air, were to be seen right ahead; the expired air, as it rushed like steam from a valve, could be heard near by; the bunch of the neck and the hump were

plainly visible as they rose and fell with the swell of the waves; and the terrible commotion of the troubled waters, fanned by the gigantic flukes, left a swath of foaming and dancing waves clearly outlined upon the surface of the sea. . . .

Mr. Braxton laid the boat off gracefully to starboard, and the mastodonic head of a genuine spermaceti whale loomed up on our port bow. The junk was seamed and scarred with many a wound received in fierce and angry struggles for supremacy with individuals of its own species, or perhaps with the kraken; the foaming waters ran up and down the great shining black head, exposing from time to time the long, rakish under-jaw; but what small eyes!

"Now!" shouted the officer, as if Vera was a half mile off, instead of about twenty-five feet. "Give him some, boy! Give him—!" But his well-trained and faithful harpooner had already darted the harpoon into the glistening black skin just abaft the fin; the boat was enveloped in a foam-cloud—the "white water" of the whalemen, stirred up by the tremendous flukes of the whale.

"Stern all!" shouted the officer; and the boat was quickly propelled backward by the oarsmen, to clear it from the whale. "Are you fast, boy?"

"First iron in, sir; can't tell second!" replied Vera;

but the zip-zip-zip of the line as it fairly leaped from the tub and went spinning round the loggerhead and through the chocks, sending up a cloud of smoke produced by friction, indicated the presence of healthy game.

"Wet line! wet line!" shouted Mr. Braxton, as he went forward to kill the whale, and Vera came aft to steer the boat, unstepping the mast on his way; for all whales are now struck under sail. The whale, however, soon turned flukes, and went head first to the depths below. Meantime, the other whales had taken the alarm, and with their noses in the air were showing a "clean pair of heels" to windward.

The boat lay by awaiting the "rising" of the cetacean. Twenty minutes passed, twenty-five, stroke-oarsman began to feel hungry; thirty, thirty-five, and still the line was either slowly running out or taut; but soon it began to slacken.

"Haul line! haul line!" said the officer, peering into the water. "He's stopped." The line was retrieved as fast as possible and carefully laid in loose coils on the platform. "Haul line, he's coming! Coil line clear, Vera!" said Mr. Braxton, shading his eyes with his hand and looking over the gunwale at an immense opaque spot beginning to outline itself in the depths below.

"Look out! Here he comes! Stern all! Look out for whale!"

But the mate's injunctions were received too late. The whale, fairly out of breath, came up with a bound and a puff, scattering the water in all directions, and catching the keel of the boat on the bunch of its neck. The boat bounded from this part of the whale's anatomy to the hump, and, careening to starboard, shot the crew first on the whale's side and then into the water. The stroke-oarsman now began to feel wet. The whale, terrified beyond measure by the tickling sensation of the little thirty-foot boat creeping down its back, caught the frail cedar craft on one corner of its flukes and tossed it gracefully, but perhaps not intentionally, into the air, as one would play with a light rubber ball. As the boat descended, with one tremendous "side wipe" of the mighty caudal fin, and with a terrible crash that was heard on the ship nearly two miles away, the whale smashed it into kindling-wood.

LITTLE GERVAIS

VICTOR HUGO

Jean Valjean left the town as though he were fleeing from it. He set out at a very hasty pace through the fields, taking whatever roads and paths presented themselves to him, without perceiving that he was incessantly retracing his steps. He wandered thus the whole morning, without having eaten anything and without feeling hungry. He was the prey of a throng of novel sensations. He was conscious of a sort of rage; he did not know against whom it was directed. He could not have told whether he was touched or humiliated. There came over him at moments a strange emotion which he resisted and to which he opposed the hardness acquired during the last twenty years of his life. This state of mind fatigued him.

He perceived with dismay that the sort of frightful calm which the injustice of his misfortune had conferred upon him was giving way within him. He asked himself what would replace this. At times he would have actually preferred to be in prison with the gendarmes, and that things should not have happened in this way; it would have agitated him less. Although the season was

tolerably far advanced, there were still a few late flowers in the hedge-rows here and there, whose odor as he passed through them in his march recalled to him memories of his childhood. These memories were almost intolerable to him, it was so long since they had recurred to him.

Unutterable thoughts assembled within him in this manner all day long.

As the sun declined to its setting, casting long shadows athwart the soil from every pebble, Jean Valjean sat down behind a bush upon a large ruddy plain, which was absolutely deserted. There was nothing on the horizon except the Alps. Not even the spire of a distant village. Jean Valjean might have been three leagues distant from D——. A path which intersected the plain passed a few paces from the bush.

In the middle of this meditation, which would have contributed not a little to render his rags terrifying to any one who might have encountered him, a joyous sound became audible.

He turned his head and saw a little Savoyard, about ten years of age, coming up the path and singing, his hurdy-gurdy on his hip, and his marmot-box on his back—one of those gay and gentle children, who go from land to land affording a view of their knees through the holes in their trousers.

Without stopping his song, the lad halted in his march from time to time, and played at knuckle-bones with some

coins which he had in his hand—his whole fortune, probably. Among this money there was one forty-sou piece.

The child halted beside the bush, without perceiving Jean Valjean, and tossed up his handful of sous, which, up to that time, he had caught with a good deal of adroitness on the back of his hand.

This time the forty-sou piece escaped him, and went rolling towards the brushwood until it reached Jean Valjean.

Jean Valjean set his foot upon it.

In the meantime, the child had looked after his coin and had caught sight of him.

He showed no astonishment, but walked straight up to the man.

The spot was absolutely solitary. As far as the eye could see there was not a person on the plain or on the path. The only sound was the tiny, feeble cries of a flock of birds of passage, which was traversing the heavens at an immense height. The child was standing with his back to the sun, which cast threads of gold in his hair and empurpled with its blood-red gleam the savage face of Jean Valjean.

"Sir," said the little Savoyard, with that childish confidence which is composed of ignorance and innocence, "my money."

"What is your name?" said Jean Valjean.

"Little Gervais, sir."

"Go away," said Jean Valjean.

"Sir," resumed the child, "give me back my money."

Jean Valjean dropped his head, and made no reply.

The child began again, "My money, sir."

Jean Valjean's eyes remained fixed on the earth.

"My piece of money!" cried the child, "my white piece! my silver!"

It seemed as though Jean Valjean did not hear him. The child grasped him by the collar of his blouse and shook him. At the same time he made an effort to displace the big ironshod shoe which rested on his treasure.

"I want my piece of money! my piece of forty sous!"

The child wept. Jean Valjean raised his head. He still remained seated. His eyes were troubled. He gazed at the child in a sort of amazement, then he stretched out his hand towards his cudgel and cried in a terrible voice, "Who's there?"

"I, sir," replied the child. "Little Gervais! I! Give me back my forty sous, if you please! Take your foot away, sir, if you please!"

Then irritated, though he was so small, and becoming almost menacing:—

"Come now, will you take your foot away? Take your foot away, or we'll see!"

"Ah! It's still you!" said Jean Valjean, and rising abruptly to his feet, his foot still resting on the silver piece, he added:—

"Will you take yourself off!"

The frightened child looked at him, then began to tremble from head to foot, and after a few moments of stupor he set out, running at the top of his speed, without daring to turn his neck or to utter a cry.

Nevertheless, lack of breath forced him to halt after a certain distance, and Jean Valjean heard him sobbing, in the midst of his own revery.

At the end of a few moments the child had disappeared.

The sun had set.

The shadows were descending around Jean Valjean. He had eaten nothing all day; it is probable that he was feverish.

He had remained standing and had not changed his attitude after the child's flight. The breath heaved his chest at long and irregular intervals. His gaze, fixed ten or twelve paces in front of him, seemed to be scrutinizing with profound attention the shape of an ancient fragment of blue earthenware which had fallen in the grass. All at once he shivered; he had just begun to feel the chill of evening.

He settled his cap more firmly on his brow, sought mechanically to cross and button his blouse, advanced a step, and stooped to pick up his cudgel.

At that moment he caught sight of the forty-sou piece, which his foot had half ground into the earth, and which was shining among the pebbles. It was as though he

had received a galvanic shock. "What is this?" he muttered between his teeth. He recoiled three paces, then halted, without being able to detach his gaze from the spot which his foot had trodden but an instant before, as though the thing which lay glittering there in the gloom had been an open eye riveted upon him.

At the expiration of a few moments he darted convulsively towards the silver coin, seized it, and straightened himself up again and began to gaze afar off over the plain, at the same time casting his eyes towards all points of the horizon, as he stood there erect and shivering, like a terrified wild animal which is seeking a refuge.

He saw nothing. Night was falling, the plain was cold and vague, great banks of violet haze were rising in the gleam of the twilight.

He said, "Ah!" and set out rapidly in the direction in which the child had disappeared. After about thirty paces he paused, looked about him, and saw nothing.

Then he shouted with all his might:

"Little Gervais! Little Gervais!"

He paused and waited.

There was no reply.

The landscape was gloomy and deserted. He was encompassed by space. There was nothing around him but an obscurity in which his gaze was lost, and a silence which engulfed his voice.

HONEST POVERTY

ROBERT BURNS

Is there for honest poverty,
 That hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward slave, we pass him by,
 We dare be poor for a' that!
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Our toil's obscure, and a' that;
 The rank is but the guinea's stamp;
 The man's the gowd for a' that!

What though on hamely fare we dine,
 Wear hodden grey, and a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
 A man's a man for a' that!
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Their tinsel show, and a' that;
 The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
 Is king o' men for a' that!

Ye see yon birkie ca'd a lord,
 Wha struts and stares, and a' that!
Though thousands worship at his word,
 He's but a coof for a' that:

For a' that, and a' that,
His riband, star, and a' that,
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that!

A prince can make a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith, he maunna fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities and a' that,
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may —
As come it will, for a' that —
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
It's comin' yet for a' that;
That man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that!

gowd, gold.
hamely, homely.
hodden grey, coarse gray cloth.
gie, give.
birkie, smart young fellow.
coof, fool.
aboon, above.
maunna, must not.
fa', pretend.
gree, prize.

WE FAIL TO ROUND CAPE HORN

RICHARD HENRY DANA, JR.

In our first attempt to double the Cape, when we came up to the latitude of it, we were nearly seventeen hundred miles to the westward, but, in running for the Straits of Magellan, we stood so far to the eastward that we made our second attempt at a distance of not more than four or five hundred miles; and we had great hopes, by this means, to run clear of the ice; thinking that the easterly gales which had prevailed for a long time would have driven it to the westward.

With the wind about two points free, the yards braced in a little, and two close-reefed topsails and a reefed foresail on the ship, we made great way toward the southward; and almost every watch, when we came on deck, the air seemed to grow colder, and the sea to run higher. Still we saw no ice, and had great hopes of going clear of it altogether, when, one afternoon, about three o'clock, while we were taking a siesta during our watch below, "All hands!" was called in a loud and fearful voice.

"Tumble up here, men!—tumble up!—don't stop for your clothes—before we're upon it!"

We sprang out of our berths and hurried upon deck. The loud, sharp voice of the captain was heard giving orders, as though for life or death, and we ran aft to the braces, not waiting to look ahead, for not a moment was to be lost. The helm was hard up, the after yards shaking, and the ship in the act of wearing.

Slowly, with the stiff ropes and iced rigging, we swung the yards round, everything coming hard and with a creaking and rending sound, like pulling up a plank which has been frozen into the ice. The ship wore round fairly, the yards were steadied, and we stood off on the other tack, leaving behind us, directly under our larboard quarter, a large ice island, peering out of the mist, and reaching high above our tops; while astern, and on either side of the island, large tracts of field-ice were dimly seen, heaving and rolling in the sea. We were now safe, and standing to the northward; but, in a few minutes more, had it not been for the sharp lookout of the watch, we should have been fairly upon the ice, and left our ship's old bones adrift in the Southern Ocean. After standing to the northward a few hours, we wore ship, and, the wind having hauled, we stood to the southward and eastward.

All night long a bright lookout was kept from every part of the deck; and whenever ice was seen on the one bow or the other the helm was shifted and the yards

braced, and, by quick working of the ship, she was kept clear.

The accustomed cry of "Ice ahead!"—"Ice on the lee bow!"—"Another island!" in the same tones, and with the same orders following them, seemed to bring us directly back to our old position of the week before.

During our watch on deck, which was from twelve to four, the wind came out ahead, with a pelting storm of hail and sleet, and we lay hove-to, under a close-reefed fore topsail, the whole watch. During the next watch it fell calm with a drenching rain until daybreak, when the wind came out to the westward, and the weather cleared up, and showed us the whole ocean, in the course which we should have steered, had it not been for the head wind and calm, completely blocked up with ice. Here, then, our progress was stopped, and we wore ship, and once more stood to the northward and eastward; not for the Straits of Magellan, but to make another attempt to double the Cape, still farther to the eastward; for the captain was determined to get round if perseverance could do it, and the third time, he said, never failed.

From a northeast course we gradually hauled to the eastward, and after sailing about two hundred miles, which brought us as near to the western coast of Terra del Fuego as was safe, and having lost sight of the ice

altogether,—for the third time we put the ship's head to the southward, to try the passage of the Cape.

The weather continued clear and cold, with a strong gale from the westward, and we were fast getting up with the latitude of the Cape, with a prospect of soon being round. One fine afternoon, a man who had gone into the fore-top to shift the rolling tackles sung out at the top of his voice, and with evident glee,

"Sail ho!"

Neither land nor sail had we seen since leaving San Diego; and only those who have traversed the length of a whole ocean alone can imagine what an excitement such an announcement produced on board.

"Sail ho!" shouted the cook, jumping out of his galley; "Sail ho!" shouted a man, throwing back the slide of the scuttle, to the watch below, who were soon out of their berths and on deck; and "Sail ho!" shouted the captain down the companion-way to the passenger in the cabin.

Beside the pleasure of seeing a ship and human beings in so desolate a place, it was important for us to speak a vessel, to learn whether there was ice to the eastward, and to ascertain the longitude; for we had no chronometer, and had been drifting about so long that we had nearly lost our reckoning; and opportunities for lunar observations are not frequent or sure in such a place as

Cape Horn. For these various reasons the excitement in our little community was running high, and conjectures were made, and everything thought of for which the captain would hail, when the man aloft sung out—

"Another sail, large on the weather bow!"

This was a little odd, but so much the better, and did not shake our faith in their being sails. At length the man in the top hailed, and said he believed it was land, after all.

"Land in your eye!" said the mate, who was looking through the telescope; "they are ice islands, if I can see a hole through a ladder;" and a few moments showed the mate to be right; and all our expectations fled; and instead of what we most wished to see we had what we most dreaded, and what we hoped we had seen the last of. We soon, however, left these astern, having passed within about two miles of them, and at sundown the horizon was clear in all directions.

Having a fine wind, we were soon up with and passed the latitude of the Cape, and, having stood far enough to the southward to give it a wide berth, we began to stand to the eastward, with a good prospect of being round and steering to the northward, on the other side, in a few days. But ill luck seemed to have lighted upon us. Not four hours had we been standing on in this course before it fell dead calm, and in half an hour it

clouded up, a few straggling blasts, with spits of snow and sleet, came from the eastward, and in an hour more we lay hove-to under a close-reefed main topsail, drifting bodily off to leeward before the fiercest storm that we had yet felt, blowing dead ahead, from the eastward. It seemed as though the genius of the place had been roused at finding that we had nearly slipped through his fingers, and had come down upon us with tenfold fury.

The sailors said that every blast, as it shook the shrouds, and whistled through the rigging, said to the old ship, "No, you don't!"—"No, you don't!"

AN OLYMPIC VICTOR

JAMES B. CONNOLLY

"Way! way!" came in tremendous tones from the Stadium entrance. "Way! way!" and the soldiers, with their muskets horizontal, pushed back the surging crowds.

"They come! they come!" was the cry rising like waves of the sea. "And who is it?" roared the ones less fortunately placed.

"In the lead is one tall and light-bounding."

"H-m—the American and the Hungarian are tall and the Australian——"

"Tall? Vanitekes! Zeito Vanitekes, thou son of Greece! Zeito—Helas! Helas! O Vanitekes!"

And in another instant they caught sight of the figures. They saw through the dust, the grime, and the sweat the blue-and-white colors.

"It *is* a Greek! Zeito Helas! Zeito!—a Greek who wins." And into the Stadium he came, streaked from head to foot and panting like an exhausted dog under the stress of it.

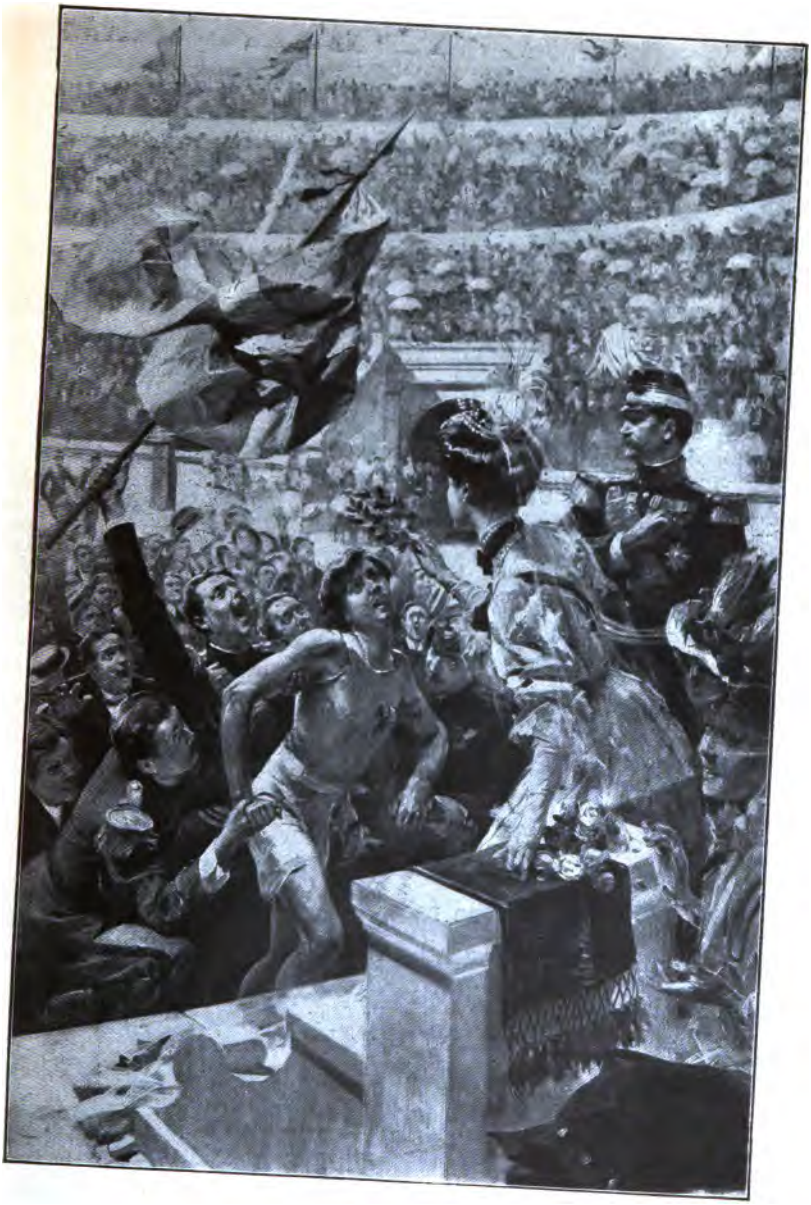
"Who—who—who—Loues or Vanitekes?"

But Euripides knew. "Loues! Loues!" he gasped. "My little Loues, O little heart child! Gouskous, great friend, I faint."

"Courage, father, courage—but a moment now."

Marie gazed about from one face to the other. It could not be true. Loues? A dream it must be.

And the people? With his entrance between the gates of the Stadium they rose together and in an instant a hundred and fifty thousand Zeitos rent the air, and a hundred thousand little Greek flags flew wildly, and a hundred pure white doves were released and fluttered around the enclosure, from the seats on one side to the seats on the other; and wherever they alighted they were at once tossed aloft again, every one with a beautiful little blue-and-white ensign of Greece trailing from the beaks. Women cried and caressed one another.



Men hugged one another, tossed their hats into the air, and did not look to see whether they came down or no. Strangers grabbed one another and kissed cheeks.

And down the track came Loues, the hero of Greece. His eyes were deep-set—hollow they looked—and his mouth open as if he could not get breath, but his legs were moving, and through all his weariness he smiled. And with one hand he waved the flag of his country. Glory to Greece! Was it not magnificent! Soul-weary, his very marrow aching, it must be, but strength and courage he had summoned to wave the flag. "A man? No, a god! Soul of Homer, a god—yes."

"Loues! Loues! Loues!" It was like the ceaseless commotion of the surging sea, the incessant roaring, and the leaping and struggling multitude. "Loues! Loues! Loues of Marousi! Zeito! Zeito! Zeito!"

The Crown Prince, with Prince George the statuesque, and minor princes with the royal suite, rushed up to meet him at the entrance, and, circling about, they ran with him the last steps of the race, the length of the Stadium track, with arms extended, awaiting the moment when he should cross that they might grasp him. And as he passed along, men and women, young and old, ancient grandmothers and panting girls, leaned forward from their seats as if to draw him to them. The tokens they showered! Money, jewels, gold, one diamond-studded

watch. But to all this he paid no attention, only as he crossed the line and his form was enveloped in a shower of rose-leaves, he turned to where he knew Euripides and Gouskous and Marie should be sitting, and, though he could not see them, smiled—the smile of a man who is tired to death, but such a smile that all who saw cheered for the blessing of it.

Not a step beyond the finish line was he allowed to run. They bore him off the earth, the Crown Prince and his suite. Carried him up the steps, lifted him up bodily, and stood him up where was the King, who arose and shook his hand and gave him words of praise. And the Queen arose and took his hand—and he a Greek peasant—and told him what a wonderful thing he had done, and how Greece was proud of him. And the King, laying a decoration on the sweat-covered breast of his jersey, was about to pin it on, when Loues, looking down and noticing where, raised a protesting hand.

"Not there, Your Majesty, but at this side, if it please you," and on the right side the order was pinned. That heart side—that was sacred to Marie's token.

And then the Queen placed in his arms a bundle of laurel, and Loues started for the dressing-room. And it was not until then, until he was almost in the shadow of the tunnel that led to the baths, and a mob about him were tearing the laurel from his arms—"A moment,

a moment, O Loues!" they were crying—"A twig of that laurel that it may hang in my home an honored heirloom forever—" Not until then was he aware that the flag of Greece had gone to the top of the great flag-staff, and the great band of three hundred pieces was playing with wonderful energy the National Hymn, and surely a hundred thousand voices joining in. Not until then did the tears fall.

"Make way for Loues of Marousi," called the voices, and they parted to let him pass. "You should well be happy, O Loues," cried those about him, "for this day you have won the great honor for Greece."

"Truly I am happy," murmured Loues, and passed on through the tunnel.

Presently clear of the tunnel and treading the low-fenced path which ran to the dressing-room, he was seen by the people of the hills, they who had not the money or were too late to purchase seats inside the Stadium and who now rushed tempestuously down that they might approach nearer to the hero. "Nike! Nike!" cried these, men and women both, and tried to grasp his jersey, or his hand to kiss it; but blushingly he evaded them and ran to where the cooling bath and luxurious after-rub awaited him.

TO THE RESCUE

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

The night had set in dark and chilling, as Frances Wharton, with a beating heart but light step, moved through the little garden that lay behind the farm-house which had been her brother's prison, and took her way to the foot of the mountain, where she had seen the figure of him she supposed to be the peddler. It was still early, but the darkness and the dreary nature of a November evening would, at any other moment, or with less inducement to exertion, have driven her back in terror to the circle she had left. Without pausing to reflect, however, she flew over the ground with a rapidity that seemed to bid defiance to all impediments, nor stopped even to breathe, until she had gone half the distance to the rock that she had marked as the spot where Birch made his appearance on that very morning.

The chilling air sighed through the leafless branches of the gnarled and crooked oaks, as with a step so light as hardly to rustle the dry leaves on which she trod, Frances moved forward to that part of the hill where she expected to find this secluded habitation; but nothing

could she discern that in the least resembled a dwelling of any sort. In vain she examined every recess of the rocks, or inquisitively explored every part of the summit that she thought could hold the tenement of the peddler. No hut, nor any vestige of a human being, could she trace.

The idea of her solitude struck on the terrified mind of the affrighted girl, and approaching to the edge of a shelving rock she bent forward to gaze on the signs of life in the vale, when a ray of keen light dazzled her eyes, and a warm air diffused itself over her whole frame. Recovering from her surprise, Frances looked on the ledge beneath her, and at once perceived that she stood directly over the object of her search. A hole through its roof afforded a passage to the smoke, which, as it blew aside, showed her a clear and cheerful fire crackling and snapping on a rude hearth of stone. The approach to the front of the hut was by a winding path around the point of the rock on which she stood, and by this she advanced to its door.

Three sides of this singular edifice, if such it could be called, were composed of logs laid alternately on each other, to a little more than the height of a man; and the fourth was formed by the rock against which it leaned. The roof was made of the bark of trees, laid in long strips from the rock to its eaves; the fissures between the logs had been stuffed with clay, which in many places had

fallen out, and dried leaves were made use of as a substitute, to keep out the wind. A single window, of four panes of glass was in front, but a board carefully closed it, in such a manner as to emit no light from the fire within. After pausing some time to view this singularly constructed hiding-place, for such Frances well knew it to be, she applied her eye to a crevice to examine the inside.

But it was the occupant of the hut in whom Frances was chiefly interested. This was a man, sitting on the stool, with his head leaning on his hand, in such a manner as to conceal his features, and deeply occupied in examining some open papers. On the table lay a pair of curiously and richly mounted horsemen's pistols, and the handle of a sheathed rapier, of exquisite workmanship, protruded from between the legs of the gentleman, one of whose hands carelessly rested on its guard.

The tall stature of this unexpected tenant of the hut, and his form, much more athletic than that of either Harvey or her brother, told Frances, without the aid of his dress, that it was neither of those she sought. A close surtout was buttoned high in the throat of the stranger, and parting at his knees, showed breeches of buff, with military boots and spurs. His hair was dressed so as to expose the whole face; and, after the fashion of the day, it was profusely powdered. A round hat was laid on the

stones that formed a paved floor to the hut, as if to make room for a large map, which, among the other papers, occupied the table.

This was an unexpected event to our adventurer. She had been so confident that the figure twice seen was the peddler, that, on learning his agency in her brother's escape, she did not in the least doubt of finding them both in the place, which, she now discovered, was occupied by another and a stranger. She stood, earnestly looking through the crevice, hesitating whether to retire, or to wait with the expectation of yet meeting Henry, when, as the stranger moved his hand before his eyes, and raised his face, apparently in deep musing, Frances instantly recognized the benevolent and strongly marked, but composed features of Harper.

All that Dunwoodie had said of his power and disposition, all that he had himself promised her brother, and all the confidence that had been created by his dignified and paternal manner, rushed across the mind of Frances, who threw open the door of the hut, and falling at his feet, clasped his knees with her arms, as she cried:

"Save him — save him — save my brother; remember your promise and save him!"

Harper had risen as the door opened, and there was a slight movement of one hand toward his pistols; but it was cool and instantly checked. He raised the hood of



the cardinal, which had fallen over her features, and exclaimed, with some uneasiness, —

"Miss Wharton! But you cannot be alone?"

"There is none here but my God and you; and by His sacred name, I conjure you to remember your promise and save my brother!"

Harper gently raised her from her knees, and placed her on the stool, begging her at the same time to be composed, and to acquaint him with the nature of her errand. This Frances instantly did, ingenuously admitting him to a knowledge of all her views in visiting this lone spot at such an hour and by herself.

It was at all times difficult to probe the thoughts of one who held his passions in such disciplined subjugation as Harper, but still there was a lighting of his thoughtful eye, and a slight unbending of his muscles, as the hurried and anxious girl proceeded in her narrative. His interest, as she dwelt upon the manner of Henry's escape and the flight to the woods, was deep and manifest, and he listened to the remainder of her tale with a marked expression of benevolent indulgence. Her apprehensions, that her brother might still be too late through the mountains, seemed to have much weight with him, for, as she concluded, he walked a turn or two across the hut, in silent musing.

He then paused, and, taking the hand of Frances, spoke as follows: —

"You have this night saved your brother, Miss Wharton. It would not be proper for me to explain why there are limits to my ability to serve him; but if you can detain the horse for two hours, he is assuredly safe. After what you have already done, I can believe you equal to any duty. God has denied to me children, young lady; but if it had been His blessed will that my marriage should not have been childless, such a treasure as yourself would I have asked from His mercy. But you are my child: all who dwell in this broad land are my children, and my care; and take the blessing of one who hopes yet to meet you in happier days."

He then mounted his horse, and lifting his hat, rode towards the back of the mountain, descending at the same time, and soon hid by the trees. Frances sprang forward with a lightened heart, and taking the first path that led downward, in a few minutes she reached the plain in safety. While busied in stealing through the meadows towards the house, the noise of horse approaching startled her, and she felt how much more was to be apprehended from man, in some situations, than from solitude.

Hiding her form in the angle of a fence near the road, she remained quiet for a moment, and watched their passage. A small party of dragoons, whose dress was different from the Virginians, passed at a brisk trot. They were followed by a gentleman, enveloped in a large

cloak, whom she at once knew to be Harper. Behind him rode a black in livery, and two youths in uniform brought up the rear. Instead of taking the road that led by the encampment, they turned short to the left, and entered the hills.

Wondering who this unknown but powerful friend of her brother could be, Frances glided across the fields, and using due precautions in approaching the dwelling, regained her residence undiscovered and in safety.

DAVID COPPERFIELD VISITS PEGGOTTY

CHARLES DICKENS

The carrier's horse was the laziest horse in the world, I should hope, and shuffled along, with his head down, as if he liked to keep people waiting to whom the packages were directed. I fancied, indeed, that he sometimes chuckled audibly over this reflection, but the carrier said he was only troubled with a cough.

The carrier had a way of keeping his head down, like his horse, and of drooping sleepily forward as he drove, with one of his arms on each of his knees. I say "drove," but it struck me that the cart would have gone to Yarmouth quite as well without him, for the

horse did all that; and as to conversation, he had no idea of it but whistling.

Peggotty had a basket of refreshments on her knee, which would have lasted us out handsomely, if we had been going to London by the same conveyance. We ate a good deal, and slept a good deal. Peggotty always went to sleep with her chin upon the handle of the basket, her hold of which never relaxed; and I could not have believed unless I had heard her do it, that one defenceless woman could have snored so much.

We made so many deviations up and down lanes, and were such a long time delivering a bedstead at a public-house, and calling at other places, that I was quite tired, and very glad, when we saw Yarmouth. It looked rather spongy and soppy, I thought, as I carried my eye over the great dull waste that lay across the river; and I could not help wondering, if the world were really as round as my geography-book said, how any part of it came to be so flat. But I reflected that Yarmouth might be situated at one of the poles; which would account for it.

As we drew a little nearer, and saw the whole adjacent prospect lying a straight low line under the sky, I hinted to Peggotty that a mound or so might have improved it; and also that if the land had been a little more separated from the sea, and the town and the tide

had not been quite so much mixed up, like toast and water, it would have been nicer. But Peggotty said, with greater emphasis than usual, that we must take things as we found them, and that, for her part, she was proud to call herself a Yarmouth Bloater.

When we got into the street (which was strange enough to me), and smelt the fish, and pitch, and oakum, and tar, and saw the sailors walking about, and the carts jungling up and down over the stones, I felt that I had done so busy a place an injustice; and said as much to Peggotty, who heard my expressions of delight with great complacency, and told me it was well known (I suppose to those who had the good fortune to be born Bloaters) that Yarmouth was, upon the whole, the finest place in the universe.

"Here's my 'Am!" screamed Peggotty, "growed out of knowledge!"

He was waiting for us, in fact, at the public-house; and asked me how I found myself, like an old acquaintance. I did not feel, at first, that I knew him as well as he knew me, because he had never come to our house since the night I was born, and naturally he had the advantage of me. But our intimacy was much advanced by his taking me on his back to carry me home. He was, now, a huge, strong fellow of six feet high, broad in proportion, and round-shouldered; but with a simper-

ing boy's face and curly light hair that gave him quite a sheepish look. He was dressed in a canvas jacket, and a pair of such very stiff trousers that they would have stood quite as well alone, without any legs in them. And you couldn't so properly have said he wore a hat, as that he was covered in a-top, like an old building, with something pitchy.

Ham carrying me on his back and a small box of ours under his arm, and Peggotty carrying another small box of ours, we turned down lanes bestrewn with bits of chips and little hillocks of sand, and went past gas-works, rope-walks, boat-builders' yards, riggers' lofts, smiths' forges, and a great litter of such places, until we came out upon the dull waste I had already seen at a distance; when Ham said,

"Yon's our house, Mas'r Davy!"

I looked in all directions, as far as I could stare over the wilderness, and away at the sea, and away at the river, but no house could I make out. There was a black barge, or some other kind of superannuated boat, not far off, high and dry on the ground, with an iron funnel sticking out of it for a chimney and smoking very cosily; but nothing else in the way of a habitation that was visible to *me*.

"That's not it?" said I. "That ship-looking thing?"

"That's it, Mas'r Davy," returned Ham.

If it had been Aladdin's palace, roc's egg and all, I suppose I could not have been more charmed with the romantic idea of living in it. There was a delightful door cut in the side, and it was roofed in, and there were little windows in it; but the wonderful charm of it was, that it was a real boat which had no doubt been upon the water hundreds of times, and which had never been intended to be lived in, on dry land. That was the captivation of it to me. If it had ever been meant to be lived in, I might have thought it small, or inconvenient, or lonely; but never having been designed for any such use, it became a perfect abode.

It was beautifully clean inside, and as tidy as possible. There was a table, and a Dutch clock, and a chest of drawers, and on the chest of drawers there was a tea-tray with a painting on it of a lady with a parasol, taking a walk with a military-looking child who was trundling a hoop. The tray was kept from tumbling down, by a bible, and the tray, if it had tumbled down, would have smashed a quantity of cups and saucers and a teapot that were grouped around the book. On the walls there were some common colored pictures, framed and glazed, of scripture subjects; such as I have never seen since in the hands of pedlars, without seeing the whole interior of Peggotty's brother's house again, at one view. Abraham in red going to sacrifice Isaac in



blue, and Daniel in yellow cast into a den of green lions, were the most prominent of these. Over the little mantel-shelf, was a picture of the *Sarah Jane* lugger, built at Sunderland, with a real little wooden stern stuck on to it; a work of art, combining composition with carpentry, which I considered to be one of the most enviable possessions that the world could afford. There were some hooks in the beams of the ceiling, the use of which I did not divine then; and some lockers and boxes and conveniences of that sort, which served for seats and eked out the chairs.

All this, I saw in the first glance after I crossed the threshold—child-like, according to my theory—and then Peggotty opened a little door and showed me my bedroom. It was the completest and most desirable bedroom ever seen—in the stern of the vessel; with a little window, where the rudder used to go through; a little looking-glass, just the right height for me, nailed against the wall, and framed with oyster-shells; a little bed, which there was just room enough to get into; and a nosegay of seaweed in a blue mug on the table. The walls were whitewashed as white as milk, and the patchwork counterpane made my eyes quite ache with its brightness.

One thing I particularly noticed in this delightful house, was the smell of fish; which was so searching,

that when I took out my pocket-handkerchief I found it smelt exactly as if it had wrapped up a lobster. On my imparting this discovery in confidence to Peggotty, she informed me that her brother dealt in lobsters, crabs, and crawfish; and I afterwards found that a heap of these creatures, in a state of wonderful conglomeration with one another, and never leaving off pinching whatever they laid hold of, were usually to be found in a little wooden outhouse where the pots and kettles were kept.

We were welcomed by a very civil woman in a white apron, whom I had seen curtseying at the door when I was on Ham's back, about a quarter of a mile off. Likewise by a most beautiful little girl (or I thought her so), with a necklace of blue beads on, who wouldn't let me kiss her when I offered to, but ran away and hid herself. By and by, when we had dined in a sumptuous manner off boiled dabs, melted butter, and potatoes, with a chop for me, a hairy man with a very good-natured face came home. As he called Peggotty "Lass," and gave her a hearty smack on the cheek, I had no doubt, from the general propriety of her conduct, that he was her brother; and so he turned out—being presently introduced to me as Mr. Peggotty, the master of the house.

"Glad to see you, sir," said Mr. Peggotty. "You'll find us rough, sir, but you'll find us ready."

I thanked him, and replied that I was sure I should be happy in such a delightful place.

"How's your Ma, sir?" said Mr. Peggotty. "Did you leave her pretty jolly?"

I gave Mr. Peggotty to understand that she was as jolly as I could wish, and that she desired her compliments—which was a polite fiction on my part.

"I'm much obleeged to her, I'm sure," said Mr. Peggotty. "Well, sir, if you can make out here, for a fortnut, 'long wi' her," nodding at his sister, "and Ham, and little Em'ly, we shall be proud of your company."

Having done the honors of his house in this hospitable manner, Mr. Peggotty went out to wash himself in a kettleful of hot water, remarking that "cold would never get *his* muck off." He soon returned, greatly improved in appearance; but so rubicund, that I couldn't help thinking his face had this in common with the lobsters, crabs, and crawfish—that it went into the hot water very black and came out very red.

After tea, when the door was shut and all was made snug (the nights being cold and misty now), it seemed to me the most delicious retreat that the imagination of man could conceive. To hear the wind getting up out at sea, to know that the fog was creeping over the desolate flat outside, and to look at the fire and think that there was no house near but this one, and this one a

boat, was like enchantment. Little Em'ly had overcome her shyness, and was sitting by my side upon the lowest and least of the lockers, which was just large enough for us two, and just fitted into the chimney corner. Mrs. Peggotty, with the white apron, was knitting on the opposite side of the fire. Peggotty at her needle-work was as much at home with Saint Paul's and the bit of wax-candle, as if they had never known any other roof. Ham, who had been giving me my first lesson in all-fours, was trying to recollect a scheme of telling fortunes with the dirty cards, and was printing off fishy impressions of his thumb on all the cards he turned. Mr. Peggotty was smoking his pipe. I felt it was a time for conversation and confidence.

"Mr. Peggotty!" says I.

"Sir," says he.

"Did you give your son the name of Ham because you lived in a sort of ark?"

Mr. Peggotty seemed to think it a deep idea, but answered:

"No, sir. I never giv him no name."

"Who gave him that name, then?" said I, putting question number two of the catechism to Mr. Peggotty.

"Why, sir, his father giv it him," said Mr. Peggotty.

"I thought you were his father!"

"My brother Joe was *his* father," said Mr. Peggotty.

"Dead, Mr. Peggotty?" I hinted, after a respectful pause.

"Drowndead," said Mr. Peggotty.

I was very much surprised that Mr. Peggotty was not Ham's father, and began to wonder whether I was mistaken about his relationship to anybody else there. I was so curious to know, that I made up my mind to have it out with Mr. Peggotty.

"Little Em'ly," I said, glancing at her. "She is your daughter, isn't she, Mr. Peggotty?"

"No, sir. My brother-in-law, Tom, was *her* father."

I couldn't help it. "Dead, Mr. Peggotty?" I hinted, after another respectful silence.

"Drowndead," said Mr. Peggotty.

I felt the difficulty of resuming the subject, but had not got to the bottom of it yet, and must get to the bottom somehow. So I said:

"Haven't you *any* children, Mr. Peggotty?"

"No, master," he answered, with a short laugh. "I'm a bacheldore."

"A bachelor!" I said, astonished. "Why, who's that, Mr. Peggotty?" pointing to the person in the apron who was knitting.

"That's Missis Gummidge," said Mr. Peggotty.

"Gummidge, Mr. Peggotty?"

But at this point Peggotty—I mean my own peculiar Peggotty—made such impressive motions to me not to

ask any more questions, that I could only sit and look at all the silent company, until it was time to go to bed. Then, in the privacy of my own little cabin, she informed me that Ham and Em'ly were an orphan nephew and niece, whom my host had at different times adopted in their childhood, when they were left destitute; and that Mrs. Gummidge was the widow of his partner in a boat, who had died very poor. He was but a poor man himself, said Peggotty, but as good as gold and as true as steel—those were her similes. The only subject, she informed me, on which he ever showed a violent temper or swore an oath, was this generosity of his; and if it were ever referred to, by any one of them, he struck the table a heavy blow with his right hand (had split it on one such occasion), and swore a dreadful oath that he would be "Gormed" if he didn't cut and run for good, if it was ever mentioned again. It appeared, in answer to my inquiries, that nobody had the least idea of the etymology of this terrible verb passive to be gormed; but that they all regarded it as constituting a most solemn imprecation.

I was very sensible of my entertainer's goodness, and listened to the women's going to bed in another little crib like mine at the opposite end of the boat, and to him and Ham hanging up two hammocks for themselves on the hooks I had noticed in the roof, in a very luxurious

state of mind, enhanced by my being sleepy. As slumber gradually stole upon me, I heard the wind howling out at sea and coming on across the flat so fiercely, that I had a lazy apprehension of the great deep rising in the night. But I bethought myself that I was in a boat, after all; and that a man like Mr. Peggotty was not a bad person to have on board if anything did happen.

POMONA OF RUDDER GRANGE

FRANK R. STOCKTON

One afternoon as I was hurrying down Broadway to catch the five o'clock train, I met Waterford. He is an old friend of mine, and I used to like him pretty well.

"Hello!" said he, "where are you going?"

"Home," I answered.

"Is that so?" said he. "I didn't know you had one."

I was a little nettled at this, and so I said, somewhat brusquely perhaps: "But you must have known I lived somewhere."

"Oh, yes, but I thought you boarded. I had no idea you had a home."

"But I have one and a very pleasant home, too. You must excuse me for not stopping longer, as I must catch my train."

"Oh, I'll walk along with you," said Waterford, and so we went down the street together.

"Where is your little house?" he asked.

Why he thought it was a little house I could not at the time imagine, unless he supposed that two people would not require a large one. But I know, now, that he lived in a very little house himself.

It was of no use getting angry with Waterford, especially as I saw he intended walking all the way down to the ferry with me, so I told him I didn't live in any house at all.

"Why, where *do* you live?" he exclaimed, stopping short.

"I live in a boat," said I.

"A boat! A sort of 'Rob Roy' arrangement, I suppose. Well, I would not have thought that of you. And your wife, I suppose, has gone home to her people?"

"She has done nothing of the kind," I answered. "She lives with me, and she likes it very much. We are extremely comfortable, and our boat is not a canoe, or any such nonsensical affair. It is a large commodious canal-boat."

Waterford turned around and looked at me.

"Are you a deck-hand?" he asked.

"Deck fiddlesticks!" I exclaimed.

"Well, you needn't get mad about it," he said. "I

didn't mean to hurt your feelings; but I couldn't see what else you could be on a canal-boat. I don't suppose, for instance, that you're captain."

"But I am," said I.

"Look here!" said Waterford; "this is coming it rather strong, isn't it?"

As I saw he was getting angry, I told him all about it,—told him how we had hired a stranded canal-boat and had fitted it up as a house, and how we lived so cosily in it, and had called it "Rudder Grange," and how we had taken a boarder.

"Well!" said he, "this is certainly surprising. I am coming out to see you some day. It will be better than going to Barnum's."

I told him—it is the way of society—that we would be glad to see him, and we parted. Waterford never did come to see us, and I merely mention this incident to show how some of our friends talked about Rudder Grange, when they first heard that we lived there.

A day or two after this Euphemia came to town and got a girl. Apparently she got her without any trouble, but I am not sure. She went to a "Home"—a place where they keep orphans to let, so to speak. Here Euphemia selected a light-haired, medium-sized orphan, and brought her home.

Her name was Pomona. Whether or not her parents

gave her this name is doubtful. At any rate, she did not seem quite decided in her mind about it herself, for she had not been with us more than two weeks before she expressed a desire to be called Clare. This longing of her heart was denied her. So Euphemia, who was always correct, called her Pomona. I did the same whenever I could think not to say Bologna—which seemed to come very pat, for some reason or other.

She was an earnest, hearty girl. She was always in good humor, and when I asked her to do anything, she assented in a bright, cheerful way, and in a loud tone full of good-fellowship, as though she would say:

"Certainly, my high old boy! To be sure I will! Don't worry about it—give your mind no more uneasiness on *that* subject. I'll bring the hot water."

She did not know very much, but she delighted to learn, and she was very strong. Whatever Euphemia told her to do, she did instantly and with a bang.

The one thing about Pomona that troubled me more than anything else was her taste for literature. It was not literature to which I objected, but her very peculiar taste. She would read in the kitchen every night after she had washed the dishes, but if she had not read aloud, it would not have made so much difference to me. But I am naturally very sensitive to external impressions, and I do not like the company of people who, like our

girl, can not read without pronouncing in a measured and distinct voice every word of what they are reading. And when the matter thus read appeals to every one's sentiment of aversion, and there is no way of escaping it, the case is hard indeed.

From the first I felt inclined to order Pomona, if she could not attain the power of silent perusal, to cease from reading altogether; but Euphemia would not hear to this.

"Poor thing!" said she; "it would be cruel to take from her her only recreation. And she says she can't read any other way. You needn't listen if you don't want to."

That was all very well in an abstract point of view; but the fact was, that in practice, the more I didn't want to listen, the more I heard.

As the evenings were often cool, we sat in our dining-room, and the partition between this room and the kitchen seemed to have no influence whatever in arresting sound. So that when I was trying to read or to reflect, it was by no means exhilarating to my mind to hear from the next room that:

"The la dy ce sel i a now si zed the weep on and all though the boor ly vil ly an re tain ed his vig gor ous hold she drew the blade through his fin gers and hoorl ed it far be hind her drip ping with jore."

This sort of thing, kept up for an hour or so at a time,

used to drive me nearly wild. On one particular night I was very tired and sleepy, and soon after I got into bed I dropped into a delightful slumber. But it was not long before I was awakened by the fact that:

"Sa rah did not fl inch but gras ped the heat ed i ron in her un in jur ed hand and when the ra bid an i mal a proach ed she thr ust the lur id po ker in his——"

"My conscience!" said I to Euphemia, "can't that girl be stopped?"

"You wouldn't have her sit there and do nothing, would you?" said she.

"No, but she needn't read that way."

"She can't read any other way," said Euphemia, drowsily.

"Yell af ter yell res oun ded as he wil dly spr ang——"

"I can't stand that and I won't," said I. "Why don't she go into the kitchen? The dining-room's no place for her."

"She must not sit there," said Euphemia. "There's a window-pane out. Can't you cover up your head?"

"I shall not be able to breathe if I do, but I suppose that's no matter," I replied.

The reading continued.

"Ha, ha! Lord Mar mont thun der ed thou too shalt suf fer all that this poor——"

I sprang out of bed.

Euphemia thought I was going for my pistol, and she gave one bound and stuck her head out of the door.

"Pomona, fly!" she cried.

"Yes, ma'am," said Pomona; and she got up and flew, though not very fast, I imagine. Where she flew to I don't know, but she took the lamp with her, and I could hear distinct syllables of agony and blood until she went to bed.

MERCY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

The quality of mercy is not strained;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath; it is twice blessed;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The thronéd monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings:
But mercy is above this sceptred sway:
It is enthronéd in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself:
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice.

TRANSFORMATION

HENRY VAN DYKE

Only a little shrivelled seed,
It might be flower, or grass, or weed;
Only a box of earth on the edge
Of a narrow, dusty window-ledge;
Only a few scant summer showers;
Only a few clear shining hours;
That was all. Yet God could make
Out of these, for a sick child's sake,
A blossom-wonder, as fair and sweet
As ever broke at an angel's feet.

Only a life of barren pain,
Wet with sorrowful tears for rain,
Warmed sometimes by a wandering gleam
Of joy, that seemed but a happy dream;
A life as common and brown and bare
As the box of earth in the window there;
Yet it bore, at last, the precious bloom
Of a perfect soul in that narrow room;
Pure as the snowy leaves that fold
Over the flower's heart of gold.

THE ESCAPE

CHARLES READE

The first day of imprisonment is very trying, especially if to the horror of captivity is added the horror of utter solitude. As the sun declined, Gerard's heart too sank and sank; with the waning light even the embers of hope went out. He was faint, too, with hunger; for he was afraid to eat the food Ghysbrecht had brought him; and hunger alone cows men. He sat upon the chest, his arms and his head drooping before him, a picture of despondency.

Suddenly something struck the wall beyond him very sharply, and then rattled on the floor at his feet. It was an arrow; he saw the white feather. A chill ran through him: they meant then to assassinate him from the outside. He crouched. No more missiles came. He crawled on all fours, and took up the arrow: there was no head to it. He uttered a cry of hope. Had a friendly hand shot it? He took it up and felt it all over; he found a soft substance attached to it. Then one of his eccentricities was of grand use to him: his tinder-box enabled him to strike a light. It showed him two things that made his heart bound with delight, none the

less thrilling for being somewhat vague. Attached to the arrow was a skein of silk, and on the arrow itself were words written. How his eyes devoured them, his heart panting the while:—

"Well beloved, make fast the silk to thy knife and lower to us; but hold thine end fast: then count an hundred and draw up."

Gerard seized the oak chest, and with almost superhuman energy dragged it to the window,—a moment ago he could not have moved it. Standing on the chest and looking down he saw figures at the tower foot. They were so indistinct they looked like one huge form. He waved his bonnet to them with trembling hand; then he undid the silk rapidly but carefully, and made one end fast to his knife and lowered it till it ceased to draw. Then he counted a hundred; then pulled the silk carefully up: it came up a little heavier. At last he came to a large knot, and by that knot a stout whipcord was attached to the silk. What could this mean? While he was puzzling himself Margaret's voice came up to him, low but clear: "Draw up, Gerard, till you see Liberty."

At the word Gerard drew the whipcord line up, and drew and drew till he came to another knot, and found a cord of some thickness take the place of the whipcord. He had no sooner begun to draw this up than he found that he had now a heavy weight to deal with. Then the

truth suddenly flashed on him, and he went to work and pulled and pulled till the perspiration rolled down him. The weight got heavier and heavier, and at last he was well-nigh exhausted; looking down, he saw in the moonlight a sight that revived him: it was as it were a great snake coming up to him out of the deep shadow cast by the tower.

He gave a shout of joy, and a score more wild pulls, and lo! a stout new rope touched his hand. He hauled and hauled, and dragged the end into his prison and instantly passed it through both handles of the chest in succession, and knotted it firmly; then sat for a moment to recover his breath and collect his courage. The first thing was to make sure that the chest was sound, and capable of resisting his weight poised in mid air. He jumped with all his force upon it. At the third jump the whole side burst open, and out scuttled the contents,—a host of parchments.

After the first start and misgiving this gave him, Gerard comprehended that the chest had not burst but opened: he had doubtless jumped upon some secret spring. Still it shook in some degree his confidence in the chest's powers of resistance; so he gave it an ally. He took the iron bar and fastened it with the small rope across the large rope, and across the window. He now mounted the chest, and from the chest put his foot

through the window, and sat half in and half out, with one hand on that part of the rope which was inside. In the silent air he heard his own heart beat.

The free air breathed on his face, and gave him courage to risk for liberty what we must all lose one day. Many dangers awaited him, but the greatest was the first getting on to the rope outside. Gerard reflected. Finally he put himself in the attitude of a swimmer, his body to the waist being in the prison, his legs outside. Then holding the inside rope with both hands, he felt anxiously with his feet for the outside rope; and when he had got it, he worked it in between the palms of his feet, and kept it there tight; then he uttered a short prayer, and, all the calmer for it, put his left hand on the sill and gradually wriggled out. Then he seized the iron bar, and for one fearful moment hung outside from it by his right hand, while his left hand felt for the rope down at his knees; it was too tight against the wall for his fingers to get round it higher up.

The moment he had fairly grasped it, he left the bar, and swiftly seized the rope with the right hand too; but in this maneuver his body necessarily fell about a yard. A stifled cry came up from below. Gerard hung in mid air. He clinched his teeth, and nipped the rope tight with his feet and gripped it with his hands, and went down slowly hand below hand. He passed by one huge

rough stone after another. He saw there was green moss on one. He looked up and he looked down. The moon shone into his prison window: it seemed very near. The fluttering figures below seemed an awful distance. It made him dizzy to look down, so he fixed his eyes steadily on the wall close to him, and went slowly down, down, down.

He passed a rusty, slimy streak on the wall: it was some ten feet long. The rope made his hands very hot. He stole another look up.

The prison window was a good way off, now.

Down—down—down—down.

The rope made his hands sore.

He looked up. The window was so distant he ventured now to turn his eyes downward again, and there, not more than thirty feet below him, were Margaret and Martin, their faithful hands upstretched to catch him should he fall. He could see their eyes and their teeth shine in the moonlight; for their mouths were open, and they were breathing hard.

"Take care, Gerard! Oh, take care! Look not down."

"Fear me not," cried Gerard, joyfully, and eyed the wall, but came down faster.

In another minute his feet were at their hands. They seized him ere he touched the ground, and all three clung together in one embrace.

IN WINTER

BAYARD TAYLOR

The valley stream is frozen,
 The hills are cold and bare,
And the wild white bees of winter
 Swarm in the darkened air.

I look on the naked forest:
 Was it ever green in June?
Did it burn with gold and crimson
 In the dim autumnal noon?

I look on the barren meadow:
 Was it ever heaped with hay?
Did it hide the grassy cottage
 Where the skylark's children lay?

I look on the desolate garden:
 Is it true the rose was there?
And the woodbine's musky blossoms,
 And the hyacinth's purple hair?

Is the stem of bliss but withered,
 And the root survives the blast?

Are the seeds of the Future sleeping
Under the leaves of the Past?

Ah, yes! for a thousand Aprils
The frozen germs will grow,
And the dews of a thousand summers
Wait hidden in the snow!

SNOWED IN

PAUL DU CHAILLU

Soon after we stopped at one of these farms. A trench about fifteen feet deep had been made, leading to the door of the dwelling-house. Here lived friends of my driver. I alighted and walked through the narrow trench and opened the storm door. In the little hall hung long coats lined with woolly sheepskin; on the floor were wooden shoes, shovels, axes, etc. A ladder stood upright against the wall.

I opened the other door. As I entered I found myself in a large room. I saluted the farmer and family. They all looked at me with astonishment, for I was not one of the neighbors, and who could I be!

The farmer said: "What are you doing, stranger, on the highroad with snow so deep, and when travelling is

suspended, snow-ploughs abandoned, horses belonging to them gone to the nearest farms? You can not go farther until the snow packs itself with its own weight, and the snow-ploughs and rollers are able to work on the road. Did you come here on skees?"

"No, I drove," I replied.

"Where is your horse?"

"At the gate," I answered.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"I am going north as far as the extremity of Northern Europe. I want to be in that land during the time of 'The Long Night,' when no sun is to be seen for weeks; but I am afraid I can not travel farther for a few days on account of the deep snow, and I shall have to wait; and as we can not go farther and reach the post station, I come to ask you if you can give shelter to a stranger far from his country."

"You are welcome," he replied; and his wife added, "We are poor people, we have a humble home, for our farm is small, but you will have the best we have."

"I thank you ever so much," I replied.

The farmer put more wood on the fire, the sticks being placed upright, in which manner they threw out much more heat, and a sudden blaze filled the room with a bright glow.

I like these farmers' fireplaces. They are always built

of masonry in one of the corners of the room. The platform is about one foot above the floor and generally four or five feet square, with a crane to hang kettles or pots on; and when only the embers remain a trap in the chimney is closed, to prevent the heat from getting out. The wife put the coffee kettle over the fire, and one of the daughters kept herself busy with the coffee mill.

In the mean time my driver came in and was welcomed, and they asked him about me. When they heard I was from America they shouted, "From America!" and when they had recovered from their astonishment, the husband said, "I have a brother in America." The wife said, "I have a sister and two nieces in America," and tears came into her eyes. They did also into mine; there was at once a bond of union between us. To them the United States were so far away, and I was so far from home.

The family was composed of three daughters and two sons. The girls had fair hair and large blue eyes, and were strong enough to be victorious in a wrestling contest with big boys. The sons helped their father on the farm. The names of the girls were: Engla Matilda, Serlotta Maria, and Kajsa Maria; the mother Lovisa Kristina; the father Carl; the sons were Nils and Erik.

The big room was strange-looking. In one corner was the large open fireplace. A large hand loom, with an

unfinished piece of thick woollen stuff or cloth which was being woven, was in another corner. Near by were three spinning wheels; upon one was flax and on the two others wool. On the walls were shelves for plates, saucers, glasses, mugs, dishes, etc.

The ceiling was about eight or nine feet in height. There was an opening in it which was accessible by a ladder. I wanted very much to know what there was above. Along the walls were several wooden benches like sofas, upon which the people sat. A large wooden table with wooden benches and two or three wooden chairs completed the furniture. There was a trap-door in the middle of the floor, leading into the cellar; and as this never froze, the potatoes and other vegetables, the butter and cheese were kept there.

By the side of the living-room were two doors leading to two small rooms. One had shelves for pails containing milk and the churn to make butter with. In the other room were a number of painted chests, with the initials of the owners upon them, and lots of dresses hanging along the walls, and a bed.

The husband suddenly disappeared through the trap-door and soon came back with potatoes and a big piece of bacon. The sight roused my appetite. The potatoes were washed and boiled, and the pan was put over the fire and the bacon cut into slices and fried.

The meal was put on a very clean table without table-cloth, and then the driver and I were bidden to sit down and eat. Our coffee cups were filled to the brim, and every two or three minutes we were urged to eat more, to drink more coffee. How good were the potatoes! How good were the bacon and the cheese and the butter! I thought that that meal tasted better than any I had eaten in my life.

When we stopped, for we had eaten to our hearts' content, with one voice husband and wife said: "Eat more, eat more"; and before I knew it, our two cups were filled for the third time, and more potatoes and bacon were put on our plates. They all seemed so happy to see us eat with such an appetite.

After our meal we stretched our legs before the open fireplace. I was more happy than if I had been in a splendid palace. I forgot the snow and storm. The farmer put more sticks on the fire. The room was in a perfect blaze of light. Gradually the fire died out, and when there were only embers left he stirred them with the poker until not a particle of flame appeared, and when there was no danger of fumes he shut the trap so that no heat would escape through the chimney. The time of going to bed had come.

I was wondering all the time where we were all going to sleep, for there were no beds in sight. "Perhaps," I

said to myself, "we are all going up the ladder to sleep upstairs. Perhaps we are going to sleep on the floor." But I did not see any mattress, sheepskins, or home-made woolen blankets anywhere—and these when together would have made a big pile.

Suddenly I saw the daughters come to the bench-like sofas and pull a drawer out of each sofa. These were to be the beds. They were filled with hay, with two sheepskins on the top to be used as sheets and blankets. These sliding boxes could be made of different widths, according to the number of occupants that were to sleep in the same bed.

I said to myself, "Strange-looking beds these," when one of the girls said, "Sometimes we can squeeze five or six into one of these beds." I was glad I was not going to be the fifth or sixth, for we should have been packed like sardines or herring.

When everything was ready the boys ascended the ladder and went to sleep upstairs. A bed was given me, and the rest of the family slept in their own, two girls sleeping in one bed. Then we bade each other good-night. How warm and comfortable were my sheepskins!

In the middle of the night I heard the howling of the wind; a terrific gale was blowing. How thankful I felt to be under shelter! Early in the morning, while still in

bed, I was startled by the shouts of one of the boys: "Father, we are snowed in! We can not get out of the house!"

"Are we snowed in?" I exclaimed.

"Yes," shouted the two boys at the same time. I jumped out of my bed to find out if it was a joke. It was true!

The boys were delighted, and said with great glee: "The wind has filled all the trenches with snow. We shall have to get out through the chimney. What fun that will be!"

Everybody was now out of bed. "It is good that the cellar is full of potatoes and that a sack of the Russian flour has not been touched, so we have plenty of food," said the father. "Besides, there is bacon, cheese, and butter," said one of the girls. Another added, "We have inside firewood for three days without being obliged to go to the woodshed."

The farmer said, "There has never been so much snow during living man's memory. Old Pehr, my neighbor, whom I went to see yesterday, and who is eighty-four years old, said that he never remembered such a snow-storm."

I thought of the poor horse that had worked so hard to bring us here. "Boys, we must make the way clear to the stable and feed your horse and mine," I said.


Burns
'99

"Let us hurry and go out through the chimney." "They are all right," said the father; "I left so much fodder before them that they will not starve even if we could not reach them to-day."

"Dear horses, how useful to us," I said. "I often wonder that there are some men so cruel and so hard-hearted as to beat the poor animals when they have not strength enough to carry the heavy load put upon them, or to make them work when they are ill. It is a good thing that there are societies in many countries for the prevention of cruelty to horses and other animals."

"It is so," said they all with one voice; "we do not know of any among our neighbors who is unkind to his horse. We do not know what we should do if our poor horse were ill."

"Yes," said one of the girls, "when he was a colt our horse used to put his head through the door to get pieces of potatoes and apples. We love him."

The ladder was fetched and put into the chimney. There was no trouble about that, for the chimney was so wide. The shovels were brought in. There were three of them. Then Nils ascended the ladder, and afterwards crept to the top. This was a hard job. Erik followed, and succeeded also in reaching the roof. Then we heard voices coming down the chinmey.

"Father," called the boys, "tie the shovels to the cord we drop." They had taken the precaution of carrying a cord with them. The shovels were hauled up.

Then my turn came to go through. I got into the chimney first, and saw the faces of Nils and Erik peeping down. "It is all right. Come on, Herr Paul." I ascended the ladder, then crept up the rest of the chimney. The boys got hold of my hands and pulled me through. What a sight! I was black with soot. Nils and Erik were likewise. We gave three hurrahs. We shouted through the chimney to the folks with great glee. "Be patient, you will get out by and by."

We worked with a will, and succeeded in clearing the trench leading to the door, and there was a great shout of joy when it opened. Then the girls came out and joined us in making the way clear to the barn, to the two horses, five cows, and twelve sheep. When we opened the door of the barn the horses neighed, the cows lowed, and the sheep baaed. It was a fine concert of voices. They were glad to see us. It was their way of bidding us welcome.

Returning to the house we cleared the windows, then the well, of snow. The well was surrounded by a mass of ice. We drew water and gave a good drink to the horses and other animals. The girls milked the cows, and gave fresh fodder to all. When our work was done

we were all as hungry as the wolves are in winter, when they have had no food for days.

In the mean time the mother had prepared a big meal for us, and we entered the house. We were ready to do justice to the food. The potatoes and the bacon quickly disappeared. After the meal we cleared the other windows of snow, and made passages to them, so that light might come through. It was a hard day's work all round!

When supper time came we seated ourselves before a big wooden bowl of porridge called "grod," made from barley meal. On each side were two wooden bowls filled with sour milk. We ate with wooden spoons from the same dish. There were no plates for supper, and once in a while we took a spoonful of sour milk to help the grod go down.

I went to sleep in the loft this time. I wanted to be near Nils and Erik. They were fine boys, and we were friends. Did we sleep well that night! We did not awake until their father came up to shake us. "There is nothing like shovelling snow to make one sleep," we all said, after we awoke.

I remained three days on this farm. During that time the snow had packed and the snow-ploughs followed by the rollers had made their reappearance on the high-road. It was time for me to leave, for I was in a hurry,

and I had to travel nearly nine hundred miles before I could reach Nordkyn.

When I left I put some money into the hands of the wife, and when she felt it in her hand she said, "No, no; to be paid for giving food and shelter to a person who is overtaken by a storm, is a shame. What would God think of me for doing that? No, no"; she said again, with more earnestness. I succeeded at last, after much insistence, in overcoming her scruples and making her take it; and once more I was on the road leading northward.

The speckled sky is dim with snow,
The light flakes falter and fall slow;
Athwart the hill-top, rapt and pale,
Silently drops a silvery veil;
And all the valley is shut in
By flickering curtains gray and thin.

But cheerily the chickadee
Singeth to me on fence and tree;
The snow sails round him as he sings,
White as the down of angels' wings.

—J. T. Trowbridge.

MENDING THE OLD FLAG

WILL CARLETON

In the silent gloom of a garret room,
With cobwebs round it creeping,
From day to day the old Flag lay—
A veteran worn and sleeping.
Dingily old, each wrinkled fold
By the dust of years was shaded;
Wounds of the storm were upon its form;
The crimson stripes were faded.

'Twas a mournful sight in the day-twilight,
This thing of humble seeming,
That once so proud o'er the cheering crowd
Had carried its colors gleaming:
Stained with mould were the braids of gold,
That had flashed at the sun-ray's kissing;
Of faded hue was its field of blue,
And some of the stars were missing.

Three Northern maids and three from glades
Where dreams the Southland weather,

With glances kind and arms entwined,
Came up the stairs together:
They gazed awhile, with a thoughtful smile,
At the crouching form before them;
With clinging holds they grasped the folds,
And out of the darkness bore them.

They healed its scars, they found its stars,
And brought them all together
(Three Northern maids and three from glades
Where smiles the Southland weather);
They mended away through the summer day,
Made glad by an inspiration
To fling it high at the smiling sky,
On the birthday of our Nation.

In the brilliant glare of the summer air,
With a brisk breeze round it creeping,
Newly bright through the glistening light,
The flag went grandly sweeping:
Gleaming and bold were its braids of gold,
And flashed in the sun-ray's kissing;
Red, white, and blue were of deepest hue,
And none of the stars were missing.

LANGUAGE THAT NEEDS A REST

WILLIS B. HAWKINS

I was awakened in the middle of the night by a disturbance in the library. It did not seem to be the noise of burglars. It was more like the murmuring sound of many tongues engaged in a spirited debate. I listened closely and concluded it must be some sort of discussion being held by the words in my big unabridged dictionary. Creeping softly to the door, I stood and listened.

"I don't care," said the little word *Of*. "I may not be very big, but that is no reason why everybody should take advantage of me. I am the most mercilessly overworked word in the dictionary, and there is no earthly reason for it, either. People say they 'consider of' and 'approve of' and 'accept of' and 'admit of' all sorts of things. Then they say 'all of us,' and 'both of them,' and 'first of all,' and tell about 'looking out of' the window, or cutting a piece of bread 'off of' the loaf, until I am utterly tired out."

"Pshaw!" said the word *Up*, "I am not much bigger than you, and I do twice as much work, and a great deal of it needlessly, too. People 'wake up' in the morning

and 'get up' and 'shake up' their beds and 'dress up' and 'wash up' and 'draw up' to the table and 'eat up' and 'drink up' their breakfast. Then they 'jump up' from the table and 'hurry up' to the corner, where the street-car driver 'pulls up' his horses and the passengers 'ascend up' the steps and 'go up' into the front seats, and the conductor 'takes up' the tickets. All this is done even before people 'get up' town and 'take up' their day's work. From that time until they 'put up' their books and 'shut up' their offices I do more work than any two words in this book; and even after business hours I am worked until people 'lock up' their homes and 'go up' to bed and 'cover themselves up' and 'shut up' their eyes for the night. It would take a week to tell you what I have to 'put up' with in a day, and I am a good deal 'worked up' over it."

"I agree that both *Up* and *Of* are very much overworked," said the word *Stated*, "but I think I myself deserve a little sympathy. I am doing not only my own legitimate work, but also that which ought to be done by my friend *Said*. Nobody 'says' anything nowadays; he always 'states' it."

"I do a great deal of needless work," said the word *But*. "People say they have no doubt 'but that' it will rain, and that they shouldn't wonder 'but what' it would snow, until I don't know 'but' I shall strike."

"What I have most to complain about," said the word *As*, "is that I am forced to associate so much with the word *Equally*. Only yesterday a man said he could 'see equally as well as' another man. I don't see what business *Equally* had in that sentence."

"Well," retorted *Equally*, "men every day say that something is 'equally as good' as something else, and I don't see what business *As* has in that sentence."

"I think," said *Propriety*, "you two should be divorced by mutual consent."

There was a fluttering sound and a clamor of voices.

"We, too, ought to be granted divorce," was the substance of what they said; and among the voices I recognized those of the following-named couples: *Cover Over*, *Enter In*, *From Thence*, *Go Fetch*, *Have Got*, *Latter End*, *Continue On*, *Converse Together*, *New Beginner*, *Old Veteran*, *Return Back*, *Rise Up*, *Sink Down*, *They Both*, *Try And*, *More Perfect*, *Seldom Ever*, *Almost Never*, *Feel Badly*, *United Together*, *Two First*, *An One*, *Over Again*, *Repeat Again*, and many others.

When quietude had been restored, the word *Rest* said: "You words all talk of being overworked, as if that were the worst thing that could happen to a fellow, but I tell you it is much worse to be cut out of your own work. Now, look at me. Here I am ready and willing to perform my part in the speech of the day, but almost everybody passes

me by and employs my awkward friend, *Balance*. It is the commonest thing in the world to hear people say they will pay the 'balance' of a debt or will sleep the 'balance' of the night."

"If it is my turn," said the word *Among*, "I should like to protest against *Mr. Between* doing my work. The idea of people saying a man divided an orange 'between' his three children! It humiliates me."

"It is no worse," said the word *Fewer*, "than to have people say there were 'less' men in one army than in another."

"No," added *More Than;* "and no worse than to have them say there were 'over' one hundred thousand men."

"It seems to me," said the word *Likely*, "that nobody has more reason for complaint than I have. My friend *Liable* is doing nearly all my work. They say a man is 'liable' to be sick or 'liable' to be out of town, when the question of liability does not enter into the matter at all."

"You're no worse off than I am," said the little word *So*. "That fellow *Such* is doing all my work. People say there never was 'such' a glorious country as this, when, of course, they mean there never was 'so' glorious a country elsewhere."

I saw that there was likely to be no end to this dis-

cussion, since half the words in the dictionary were making efforts to put in their complaints, so I returned to my couch; and I will leave it to any person reading this account whether I had not already heard enough to make me or anybody else sleepy.

SONG

ROBERT GREENE

Sweet are the thoughts that savor of content;
The quiet mind is richer than a crown;
Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent;
The poor estate scorns fortune's angry frown:
Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep, such bliss,
Beggars enjoy, when princes oft do miss.

The homely house that harbors quiet rest;
The cottage that affords no pride nor care;
The mean that 'grees with country music best;
The sweet consort of mirth and music's fare;
Obscurèd life sets down a type of bliss:
A mind content both crown and kingdom is.

THE NAME OF OLD GLORY

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

I

"Old Glory! say, who,
By the ships and the crew,
And the long, blended ranks of the gray and the blue,—
Who gave you, Old Glory, the name that you bear
With such pride everywhere
As you cast yourself free to the rapturous air
And leap out full-length, as we're wanting you to?
Who gave you that name with the ring of the same,
And the honor and fame so becoming to you?
Your stripes stroked in ripples of white and of red,
With your stars at their glittering best overhead—
By day or by night
Their delightfullest light
Laughing down from their little square heaven of blue!
Who gave you the name of Old Glory? Say, who—
Who gave you the name of Old Glory?"
The old banner lifted, and faltering then,
In vague lisps and whispers fell silent again.

II

"Old Glory,—speak out!—we are asking about
How you happened to 'favor' a name, so to say,
That sounds so familiar and careless and gay
As we cheer it and shout in our wild, breezy way—
We—the crowd, every man of us calling you that—
We—Tom, Dick and Harry—each swinging his hat
And hurrahing 'Old Glory!' like you were our kin,
When—Lord!—we all know we're as common as sin!
And yet it just seems like you humor us all,
And waft us our thanks, as we hail you and fall
Into line, with you over us, waving us on
Where our glorified, sanctified betters have gone.
And this is the reason we're wanting to know—
(And we're wanting it so!—
Where our own fathers went we are willing to go.)
Who gave you the name of Old Glory—O-ho!—
Who gave you the name of Old Glory?"
The old flag unfurled with a billowy thrill
For an instant, then wistfully sighed and was still.

III

"Old Glory, the story we're wanting to hear
Is what the plain facts of your christening were,—
For your name—just to hear it,

Repeat it, and cheer it, 's a tang to the spirit
As salt as a tear;—
And seeing you fly, and the boys marching by,
There's a shout in the throat and a blur in the eye
And an aching to live for you always—or die,
If, dying, we still keep you waving on high.
And so, by our love
For you, floating above,
And the scars of all wars and the sorrows thereof,
Who gave you the name of Old Glory and why
Are we thrilled at the name of Old Glory?"
Then the old banner leaped like a sail in the blast,
And fluttered an audible answer at last.

IV

And it spake, with a shake of the voice, and it said:
"By the driven snow-white and the living blood-red
Of my bars, and their heaven of stars overhead—
By the symbol conjoined of them all, skyward cast,
As I float from the steeple or flap at the mast,
Or droop o'er the sod where the long grasses nod,—
My name is as old as the glory of God.
So I came by the name of Old Glory."

GOD SAVE THE FLAG

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

Washed in the blood of the brave and the blooming,
Snatched from the altars of insolent foes,
Burning with star-fires, but never consuming,
Flash its broad ribbons of lily and rose.

Vainly the prophets of Baal would rend it,
Vainly his worshippers pray for its fall;
Thousands have died for it, millions defend it.
Emblem of justice and mercy to all:

Justice that reddens the sky with her terrors,
Mercy that comes with her white-handed train,
Soothing all passions, redeeming all errors,
Sheathing the sabre and breaking the chain.

Borne on the deluge of old usurpations,
Drifted our Ark o'er the desolate seas,
Bearing the rainbow of hope to the nations,
Torn from the storm-cloud and flung to the breeze!

God bless the Flag and its loyal defenders,
While its broad folds o'er the battle-field wave,
Till the dim star-wreath rekindle its splendors,
Washed from its stains in the blood of the brave!



THE BURNING OF MOSCOW

J. T. Headley

When night again descended on the city, it presented a spectacle, the like of which was never seen before, and which baffles all description. The streets were streets of fire, the heavens a canopy of fire, and the entire body of the city a mass of fire, fed by a hurricane that sped the blazing fragments in a constant stream through the air. Incessant explosions, from the blowing up of stores of oil, and tar, and spirits, shook the very foundations of the city, and sent vast volumes of smoke rolling furiously toward the sky. Huge sheets of canvas on fire came floating like messengers of death through the flames; the towers and domes of the churches and palaces glowing with a red-hot heat over the wild sea below, then tottering a moment on their bases, were hurled by the tempest into the common ruin.

Thousands of wretches, before unseen, were driven by the heat from the cellars and hovels, and streamed in an incessant throng through the streets. Children were seen carrying their parents; the strong, the weak; while thousands were staggering under the loads of plunder they had snatched from the flames. This, too, would frequently take fire in the falling shower, and the miserable creatures would be compelled to drop it and flee for their lives. Oh, it was a scene of woe and fear inconceivable and indescribable! A mighty and closely packed city of houses, and churches, and palaces, wrapped from limit to limit in flames, which are fed by a whirling hurricane, is a sight the world will seldom see.

But this was within the city. To Napoleon, without, the scene was still more sublime and terrific. When the flames had overcome all obstacles, and had wrapped everything in their red mantle, that great city looked like a sea of rolling fire, swept by a tempest that drove it into billows. Huge domes and towers, throwing off sparks like blazing firebrands, now disappeared in their maddening flow, as they rushed and broke high over their tops, scattering their spray of fire against the clouds. The heavens themselves seemed to have caught the conflagration. Columns of flames would rise and sink along the surface of this sea, and huge volumes of black smoke suddenly shoot into the air, as if volcanoes were

working below. The black form of the Kremlin alone towered above the chaos, now wrapped in flame and smoke, again emerging into view, standing amid this scene of desolation and terror, like Virtue in the midst of a burning world, enveloped but unscathed by the devouring elements.

Napoleon stood and gazed on the scene in silent awe. Though nearly three miles distant, the windows and walls of his apartment were so hot that he could scarcely bear his hand against them. Said he, years afterward: "It was a spectacle of a sea and billows of fire, a sky and clouds of flames, mountains of red rolling flames, like immense waves of the sea, alternately bursting forth and elevating themselves to skies of flame above. Oh, it was the most grand, the most sublime, and the most terrible sight the world ever beheld!"

Mark how fleeting and paltry is the estate of man,—yesterday in embyro, to-morrow a mummy or ashes. So for the hair's-breadth of time assigned to thee live rationally, and part with life cheerfully, as drops the ripe olive, extolling the season that bore it and the tree that matured it.

—Marcus Aurelius.

SHIPWRECKED

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

The reef on which we had struck was close in under the south-west end of Mull, off a little isle they called Earraid, which lay low and black upon the larboard. Sometimes the swell broke clean over us; sometimes it only ground the poor brig upon the reef, so that we could hear her beat herself to pieces; and what with the great noise of the sails, and the singing of the wind, and the flying of the spray in the moonlight, and the sense of danger, I think my head must have been partly turned, for I could scarcely understand the things I saw.

Presently, I observed the seamen busy round the skiff, and, still in the same blank, ran over to assist them; and as soon as I set my hand to work, my mind came clear again. It was no very easy task, for the skiff lay amidships and was full of hamper, and the breaking of the heavier seas continually forced us to give over and hold on; but we all wrought like horses while we could.

Meanwhile such of the wounded as could move came clambering out of the fore-scuttle and began to help; while the rest that lay helpless in their bunks harrowed me with screaming and begging to be saved.

We had one of the wounded men told off to keep a watch upon the seas and cry us warning. Well, we had the boat about ready to be launched, when this man sang out pretty shrill: "For God's sake, hold on!" We knew by his tone that it was something more than ordinary; and sure enough, there followed a sea so huge that it lifted the brig right up and canted her over on her beam. Whether the cry came too late, or my hold was too weak, I know not; but at the sudden tilting of the ship I was cast clean over the bulwarks into the sea.

I went down, and drank my fill, and then came up, and got a blink of the moon, and then down again. They say a man sinks a third time for good. I can not be made like other folk, then; for I would not like to write how often I went down, or how often I came up again. All the while, I was being hurled along, and beaten upon and choked, and then swallowed whole; and the thing was so distracting to my wits, that I was neither sorry nor afraid.

Presently, I found I was holding to a spar, which helped me somewhat. And then all of a sudden I was in quiet water, and began to come to myself.

It was the spare yard I had got hold of, and I was amazed to see how far I had travelled from the brig. I hailed her, indeed; but it was plain she was already out of cry. She was still holding together; but whether or

not they had yet launched the boat, I was too far off and too low down to see.

While I was hailing the brig, I spied a tract of water lying between us where no great waves came, but which yet boiled white all over and bristled in the moon with rings and bubbles. Sometimes the whole tract swung to one side, like the tail of a live serpent; sometimes, for a glimpse, it would all disappear and then boil up again. What it was I had no guess, which for the time increased my fear of it; but I now know it must have been the roost or tide race, which had carried me away so fast and tumbled me about so cruelly, and at last, as if tired of that play, had flung out me and the spare yard upon its landward margin.

I now lay quite becalmed, and began to feel that a man can die of cold as well as of drowning. The shores of Earraid were close in; I could see in the moonlight the dots of heather and the sparkling of the mica in the rocks.

"Well," thought I to myself, "if I can not get as far as that, it's strange!"

I had no skill of swimming, Essen Water being small in our neighborhood; but when I laid hold upon the yard with both arms, and kicked out with both feet, I soon began to find that I was moving. Hard work it was, and mortally slow; but in about an hour of kicking

and splashing, I had got well in between the points of a sandy bay surrounded by low hills.

The sea was here quite quiet; there was no sound of any surf; the moon shone clear; and I thought in my heart I had never seen a place so desert and desolate. But it was dry land; and when at last it grew so shallow that I could leave the yard and wade ashore upon my feet, I can not tell if I was more tired or more grateful. Both at least; tired as I never was before that night; and grateful to God as I trust I have been often, though never with more cause.

With my stepping ashore I began the most unhappy part of my adventures. It was half-past twelve in the morning, and though the wind was broken by the land, it was a cold night. I dared not sit down (for I thought I should have frozen), but took off my shoes and walked to and fro upon the sand, barefoot, and beating my breast with infinite weariness. There was no sound of man or cattle; not a cock crew, though it was about the hour of their first waking; only the surf broke outside in the distance, which put me in mind of my perils and those of my friend. To walk by the sea at that hour of the morning, and in a place so desert-like and lonesome, struck me with a kind of fear.

As soon as the day began to break I put on my shoes and climbed a hill—the ruggedest scramble I ever un-

dertook—falling, the whole way, between big blocks of granite, or leaping from one to another. When I got to the top the dawn was come. There was no sign of the brig, which must have lifted from the reef and sunk. The boat, too, was nowhere to be seen. There was never a sail upon the ocean; and in what I could see of the land was neither house nor man.

I was afraid to think what had befallen my shipmates, and afraid to look longer at so empty a scene. What with my wet clothes and weariness and hunger, I had enough to trouble me without that. So I set off eastward along the south coast, hoping to find a house where I might warm myself, and perhaps get news of those I had lost. And at the worst, I considered the sun would soon rise and dry my clothes.

After a little, my way was stopped by a creek or inlet of the sea, which seemed to run pretty deep into the land; and as I had no means to get across, I must needs change my direction to go about the end of it. It was still the roughest kind of walking; indeed the whole, not only of Earraid, but of the neighboring part of Mull (which they call the Ross), is nothing but a jumble of granite rocks with heather in among. At first the creek kept narrowing as I had looked to see; but presently to my surprise it began to widen out again. At this I scratched my head, but had still no notion

of the truth; until at last I came to a rising ground, and it burst upon me all in a moment that I was cast upon a little barren isle, and cut off on every side by the salt seas.

Instead of the sun rising to dry me, it came on to rain, with a thick mist; so that my case was lamentable.

I stood in the rain, and shivered, and wondered what to do, till it occurred to me that perhaps the creek was fordable. Back I went to the narrowest point and waded in. But not three yards from shore, I plumped in head over ears; and if ever I was heard of more, it was rather by God's grace than my own prudence. I was no wetter (for that could hardly be), but I was all the colder for this mishap; and having lost another hope was the more unhappy.

And now, all at once, the yard came in my head. What had carried me through the roost would surely serve me to cross this little quiet creek in safety. With that I set off, undaunted, across the top of the isle, to fetch and carry it back. It was a weary tramp in all ways, and if hope had not buoyed me up, I must have cast myself down and given up. Whether with the salt sea, or because I was growing fevered, I was distressed with thirst, and had to stop, as I went, to drink the peaty water out of the hags.

I came to the bay at last, more dead than alive: and

at the first glance, I thought the yard was somewhat farther out than when I left it. In I went, for the third time into the sea. The sand was smooth and firm, and shelved gradually down, so that I could wade out till the water was almost to my neck and the little waves splashed into my face. But at that depth my feet began to leave me, and I durst venture in no farther. As for the yard, I saw it bobbing very quietly some twenty feet beyond.

I had borne up well until this last disappointment; but at that I came ashore, and flung myself down upon the sands and wept.

The time I spent upon the island is still so horrible a thought to me, that I must pass it lightly over. In all the books I have read of people cast away, they had either their pockets full of tools, or a chest of things would be thrown upon the beach along with them, as if on purpose. My case was different. I had nothing in my pockets but money and Alan's silver button; and being inland bred, I was as much short of knowledge as of means.

I knew indeed that shell-fish were counted good to eat; and among the rocks of the isle I found a great plenty of limpets, which at first I could scarcely strike from their places, not knowing quickness to be needful. There were, besides, some of the little shells that we call

buckies; I think periwinkle is the English name. Of these two I made my whole diet, devouring them cold and raw as I found them; and so hungry was I, that at first they seemed to me delicious.

Perhaps they were out of season, or perhaps there was something wrong in the sea about my island. But at least I had no sooner eaten my first meal than I was seized with giddiness and retching, and lay for a long time no better than dead. A second trial of the same food (indeed I had no other) did better with me, and revived my strength. But as long as I was on the island, I never knew what to expect when I had eaten; sometimes all was well, and sometimes I was thrown into a considerable sickness; nor could I ever distinguish what particular fish it was that hurt me.

All day it streamed rain; the island ran like a sop, there was no dry spot to be found; and when I lay down that night, between two boulders that made a kind of roof, my feet were in a bog.

The second day I crossed the island to all sides. There was no one part of it better than another; it was all desolate and rocky; nothing living on it but game birds which I lacked the means to kill, and the gulls which haunted the outlying rocks in a prodigious manner. But the creek, or strait, that cut off the isle from the main land of the Ross, opened out on the north

into a bay, and the bay again opened into the Sound of Iona; and it was the neighborhood of this place that I chose to be my home; though if I had thought upon the very name of home in such a spot, I must have burst out weeping.

I had good reasons for my choice. There was in this part of the isle a little hut of a house like a pig's hut, where fishers used to sleep when they came there upon their business; but the turf roof of it had fallen entirely in; so that the hut was of no use to me, and gave me less shelter than my rocks. What was more important, the shell-fish on which I lived grew there in great plenty; when the tide was out I could gather a peck at a time, and this was doubtless a convenience. But the other reason went deeper. I had become in no way used to the horrid solitude of the isle, but still looked round me on all sides (like a man that was hunted), between fear and hope that I might see some human creature coming. Now, from a little up the hillside over the bay, I could catch a sight of the great, ancient church and the roofs of the people's houses in Iona. And on the other hand, over the low country of the Ross, I saw smoke go up, morning and evening, as if from a homestead in a hollow of the land.

I used to watch this smoke, when I was wet and cold, and had my head half turned with loneliness;

and think of the fireside and the company, till my heart burned. It was the same with the roofs of Iona. Altogether, this sight I had of men's homes and comfortable lives, although it put a point on my sufferings, yet it kept hope alive, and helped me to eat my raw shell-fish (which had soon grown to be a disgust) and saved me from the sense of horror I had whenever I was alone with dead rocks and fowls, and the rain, and the cold sea.

I say it kept me alive, and indeed it seemed impossible that I should be left to die on the shores of my own country, and within view of a church tower and the smoke of men's houses. But the second day passed; and though as long as the light lasted I kept a bright lookout for boats on the Sound or men passing on the Ross, no help came near me. It still rained, and I turned in to sleep, as wet as ever, and with a cruel sore throat, but a little comforted, perhaps, by having said good-night to my next neighbors, the people of Iona.

Charles the Second declared a man could stay outdoors more days in the year in the climate of England than in any other. This was very like a king, with a palace at his back and changes of dry clothes. But he must have had better luck on his flight from Worcester than I had on that miserable isle. It was the height of

summer; yet it rained for more than twenty-four hours, and did not clear until the afternoon of the third day.

This was a day of incidents. In the morning I saw a red deer, a buck with a fine spread of antlers, standing in the rain on the top of the island; but he had scarce seen me rise from under my rock, before he trotted off upon the other side. I supposed he must have swum across the strait; though what should bring any creature to Earraid, was more than I could fancy.

A little after, as I was jumping after limpets, I was startled by a guinea-piece, which fell upon a rock in front of me and glanced off into the sea. When the sailors gave me my money again, they kept back not only about a third of the whole sum, but my father's leather purse; so that from that day out, I carried my gold loose in a pocket with a button. I now saw there must be a hole, and clapped my hand to the place in a great hurry. But this was to lock the stable door after the steed was stolen. I had left the shore at Queensferry with near on fifty pounds; now I found no more than two guinea-pieces and a silver shilling.

It is true I picked up a third guinea a little after, where it lay shining on a piece of turf. That made a fortune of three pounds and four shillings, English money, for a lad, the rightful heir to an estate, and now starving on an isle at the extreme end of the wild Highlands.

This state of my affairs dashed me still further; and indeed my plight on that third morning was truly pitiful. My clothes were beginning to rot; my stockings in particular were quite worn through, so that my shanks were naked; my hands had grown quite soft with the continual soaking; my throat was very sore, my strength had much abated, and my heart so turned against the horrid stuff I was condemned to eat, that the very sight of it came near to sicken me.

And yet the worst was not yet come.

There is a pretty high rock on the north-west of Earraid, which (because it has a flat top and overlooked the Sound) I was much in the habit of frequenting; not that I ever stayed in one place, save when asleep, my misery giving me no rest. Indeed, I wore myself down with continual and aimless goings and comings in the rain.

As soon, however, as the sun came out, I lay down on the top of that rock to dry myself. The comfort of the sunshine is a thing I can not tell. It set me thinking hopefully of my deliverance, of which I had begun to despair; and I scanned the sea and the Ross with a fresh interest. On the south of my rock, a part of the island jutted out and hid the open ocean, so that a boat could thus come quite near me upon that side, and I be none the wiser.

Well, all of a sudden, a coble with a brown sail and a

pair of fishers aboard of it, came flying round that corner of the isle, bound for Iona. I shouted loud, and then fell upon my knees on the rock and reached up my hands and prayed to them. They were near enough to hear—I could even see the color of their hair; and there was no doubt but they observed me, for they cried out in the Gaelic tongue, and laughed. But the boat never turned aside, and flew on, right before my eyes, for Iona.

I could not believe such wickedness, and ran along the shore from rock to rock, crying to them piteously: even after they were out of reach of my voice, I still cried and waved to them; and when they were quite gone, I thought my heart would have burst. All the time of my troubles I wept only twice. Once, when I could not reach the yard, and now, the second time, when these fishers turned a deaf ear to my cries. But this time I wept and roared like a wicked child, tearing up the turf with my nails, and grinding my face in the earth. If a wish would kill men, those fishers would never have seen morning, and I should likely have died upon my island.

When I was a little over my anger, I must eat again, but with such loathing of the mess as I could now scarce control. Sure enough, I should have done as well to fast, for my fishes poisoned me again. I had all my first pains; my throat was so sore I could scarce swallow; I

had a fit of strong shuddering, which clucked my teeth together; and there came on me that dreadful sense of illness, which we have no name for either in Scotch or English. I thought I should have died, and made my peace with God, forgiving all men, even my uncle and the fishers; and as soon as I had thus made up my mind to the worst, clearness came upon me: I observed the night was falling dry; my clothes were dried a good deal; truly, I was in a better case than ever before, since I had landed upon the isle; and so I got to sleep at last, with a thought of gratitude.

The next day (which was the fourth of this horrible life of mine) I found my bodily strength run very low. But the sun shone, the air was sweet, and what I managed to eat of the shell-fish agreed well with me and revived my courage.

I was scarce back on my rock (where I went always the first thing after I had eaten) before I observed a boat coming down the Sound, and with her head, as I thought, in my direction.

I began at once to hope and fear exceedingly; for I thought these men might have thought better of their cruelty, and be coming back to my assistance. But another disappointment, such as yesterday's, was more than I could bear. I turned my back, accordingly, upon the sea, and did not look again till I had counted many

hundreds. The boat was still heading for the island. The next time I counted the full thousands, as slowly as I could, my heart beating so as to hurt me. And then it was out of all question. She was coming straight to Earraid!

I could no longer hold myself back, but ran to the sea-side and out, from one rock to another, as far as I could go. It is a marvel I was not drowned; for when I was brought to a stand at last, my legs shook under me, and my mouth was so dry, I must wet it with the sea-water before I was able to shout.

All this time the boat was coming on; and now I was able to perceive it was the same boat and the same two men as yesterday. This I knew by their hair, which the one had of a bright yellow, and the other black. But now there was a third man along with them, who looked to be of a better class.

As soon as they were come within easy speech, they let down their sail and lay quiet. In spite of my supplications, they drew no nearer in, and what frightened me most of all, the new man tee-hee'd with laughter as he talked and looked at me.

Then he stood up in the boat and addressed me a long while, speaking fast and with many wavings of his hand. I told him I had no Gaelic; and at this he became very angry, and I began to suspect he thought he was talking English. Listening very close, I caught the

word "whateffer" several times; but all the rest was Gaelic and might have been Greek and Hebrew for me.

"Whatever," said I, to show him I had caught a word.

"Yes, yes—yes, yes," says he, and then he looked at the other men, as much as to say, "I told you I spoke English," and began again as hard as ever in the Gaelic.

This time I picked out another word, "tide." Then I had a flash of hope. I remembered he was always waving his hand towards the mainland of the Ross.

"Do you mean when the tide is out—?" I cried, and could not finish.

"Yes, yes," said he. "Tide."

At that I turned tail upon their boat (where my adviser had once more begun to tee-hee with laughter), leaped back the way I had come, from one stone to another, and set off running across the isle as I had never run before. In about half an hour I came out upon the shores of the creek; and, sure enough, it was shrunk into a little trickle of water, through which I dashed, not above my knees, and landed with a shout on the main island.

A sea-bred boy would not have stayed a day on Earraid; which is only what they call a tidal islet, and, except in the bottom of the neaps, can be entered and left twice in every twenty-four hours, either dry-shod, or at the most by wading. Even I, who had the tide going out and in before me in the bay, and even watched for

the ebbs, the better to get my shell-fish—even I (I say), if I had sat down to think, instead of raging at my fate, must have guessed the secret, and got free. It was no wonder the fishers had not understood me. The wonder was rather that they had ever guessed my pitiful illusion, and taken the trouble to come back. I had starved with cold and hunger on that island for close upon one hundred hours. But for the fishers, I might have left my bones there in pure folly. And even as it was, I had paid for it pretty dear, not only in past sufferings, but in my present case; being clothed like a beggar-man, scarce able to walk, and in great pain of my sore throat.

THE BEAUTIFUL

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

A few days since I was walking with a friend, who, unfortunately for himself, seldom meets with anything in the world of realities worthy of comparison with the ideal of his fancy, which, like the bird in the Arabian tale, glides perpetually before him, always near yet never overtaken.

He was half humorously, half seriously, complaining of the lack of beauty in the faces and forms that passed us on the crowded sidewalk. Some defect was noticeable in all: one was too heavy, another too angular; here a nose

was at fault, there a mouth put a set of otherwise fine features out of countenance; the fair complexions had red hair, and glossy black locks were wasted upon dingy ones. In one way or another all fell below his impossible standard.

The beauty which my friend seemed in search of was that of proportion and coloring; mechanical exactness; a due combination of soft curves and obtuse angles, of warm carnation and marble purity. Such a man, for aught I can see, might love a graven image, like the girl of Florence who pined into a shadow for the Apollo Belvedere, looking coldly on her with stony eyes from his niche in the Vatican. One thing is certain,—he will never find his faultless piece of artistical perfection by searching for it amidst flesh-and-blood realities.

Nature does not, as far as I can perceive, work with square and compass, or lay on her colors by the rules of royal artists or the dunces of the academies. She eschews regular outlines. She does not shape her forms by a common model. Not one of Eve's numerous progeny in all respects resembles her who first culled the flowers of Eden. To the infinite variety and picturesque inequality of Nature we owe the great charm of her uncloyed beauty.

Look at her primitive woods; scattered trees, with moist sward and bright mosses at their roots; great clumps of green shadow, where limb intwists with limb and the

rustle of one leaf stirs a hundred others,—stretching up steep hillsides, flooding with green beauty the valleys, or arching over with leaves the sharp ravines, every tree and shrub unlike its neighbor in size and proportion,—the old and storm-broken leaning on the young and vigorous,—intricate and confused, without order or method. Who would exchange this for artificial French gardens, where every tree stands stiff and regular, clipped and trimmed into unvarying conformity, like so many grenadiers under review?

Who wants eternal sunshine or shadow? Who would fix forever the loveliest cloudwork of an autumn sunset? If the stream had no quiet eddying place, could we so admire its cascade over the rocks? Were there no clouds, could we so hail the sky shining through them in its still, calm purity? Who shall venture to ask our kind Mother Nature to remove from our sight any one of her forms or colors? Who shall decide which is beautiful, or otherwise, in itself considered?

There are too many like my fastidious friend, who go through the world "from Dan to Beersheba, finding all barren,"—who have always some fault to find with Nature and Providence, seeming to consider themselves especially ill used because the one does not always coincide with their taste, nor the other with their narrow notions of personal convenience.

The real difficulty of these lifelong hunters after the beautiful exists in their own spirits. They set up certain models of perfection in their imaginations, and they go about the world in the vain expectation of finding them actually wrought out according to pattern; very unreasonably calculating that Nature will suspend her everlasting laws for the purpose of creating faultless prodigies for their especial gratification. Grateful or unpleasant associations cluster around all which sense takes cognizance of; the beauty which we discern in an external object is often but the reflection of our own minds.

What is beauty after all? Ask the lover who kneels in homage to one who has no attractions for others. The cold onlooker wonders that he can call that unclassic combination of features and that awkward form beautiful. Yet so it is. He sees, like Desdemona, her "visage in her mind," or her affections. A light from within shines through the external uncomeliness,—softens, irradiates, and glorifies it. That which to others seems commonplace and unworthy of note is to him, in the words of Spenser,—

"A sweet, attractive kind of grace;
A full assurance given by looks;
Continual comfort in a face;
The lineaments of Gospel books."

"Handsome is that handsome does,—hold up your heads, girls!" was the language of Primrose in the play when addressing her daughters.

The worthy matron was right. Would that all my female readers who are sorrowing foolishly because they are not in all respects like Dubufe's Eve, or that statue of the Venus "which enchants the world," could be persuaded to listen to her.

What is good looking, as Horace Smith remarks, but looking good? Be good, be womanly, be gentle,—generous in your sympathies, heedful of the well-being of all around you; and, my word for it, you will not lack kind words of admiration. Loving and pleasant associations will gather about you.

Never mind the ugly reflection which your glass may give you. That mirror has no heart. But quite another picture is yours on the retina of human sympathy. There the beauty of holiness, of purity, of that inward grace which passeth show, rests over it, softening and mellowing its features just as the full calm moonlight melts those of a rough landscape into harmonious loveliness.

"Hold up your heads, girls!" I repeat after Primrose. Why should you not? Every mother's daughter of you *can* be beautiful. You can envelop yourselves in an atmosphere of moral and intellectual beauty, through

which your otherwise plain faces will look forth like those of angels.

Oh, talk as we may of beauty as a thing to be chiselled from marble or wrought out on canvas, speculate as we may upon its colors and outlines, what is it but an intellectual abstraction, after all? The heart feels a beauty of another kind; looking through the outward environment, it discovers a deeper and more real loveliness.

"I have seen," said Charles Lamb, "faces upon which the dove of peace sat brooding."

Quite the ugliest face I ever saw was that of a woman whom the world calls beautiful. Through its "silver veil" the evil and ungentle passions looked out hideous and hateful.

On the other hand, there are faces which the multitude at the first glance pronounce homely, unattractive, and such as "Nature fashions by the gross," which I always recognize with a warm heart-thrill; not for the world would I have one feature changed; they please me as they are; they are hallowed by kind memories; they are beautiful through their associations; nor are they any the less welcome that with my admiration of them "the stranger intermeddleth not."

POLONIUS' ADVICE

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportioned thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar:
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatched, unfledged comrade. Beware
Of entrance into a quarrel; but, being in,
Bear it, that the oppressed may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice:
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.
Neither a borrower nor a lender be:
For loan oft loses both itself and friend;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all,—to thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

A CHOCTAW BALL GAME.

GEORGE CATLIN

In the Indian country I have always attended every ball game I could hear of, if I could manage it by riding twenty or thirty miles. My custom has been to straddle the back of my horse and look on to the best advantage. In this way I have sometimes sat, oftentimes reclined, and sometimes almost dropped from my horse's back in laughing at the droll tricks, kicks, and scuffles that follow in these almost superhuman struggles for the ball. These plays generally begin about nine o'clock in the morning. More than once I have balanced myself on my pony from that time until sundown, without one minute of intermission, before the game has been decided.

While at the Choctaw agency it was announced that there was to be a great play on a certain day within a few miles. Of course I attended. Monday afternoon at three o'clock I rode out to a very pretty prairie, about six miles distant, to the ball playground of the Choctaws, where we found several thousand Indians encamped. There were two points of timber about half a mile apart, in which the two parties for the play, with their families and friends, were encamped. My companions and my-

self, although we had been apprised that to see the whole of a ball-play we must remain on the ground all the night previous, had brought nothing to sleep upon, resolving to keep our eyes open and see what happened through the night.

During the afternoon we loitered about and afterward, at sundown, witnessed the ceremony of measuring out the ground, and erecting the "byes" or goals which were to guide the play. Each party had their goal made with two upright posts, about twenty-five feet high and six feet apart, set firm in the ground, with a pole across at the top. These goals were about forty or fifty rods apart, and at a point just half-way between was another small stake driven down, where the ball was to be thrown up at the firing of a gun. All this preparation was made by some old men who were, it seems, selected to be the judges of the play. They drew a line from one bye to the other, to which a great concourse of women and old men, boys and girls, with dogs and horses, came to make their bets. The betting was all done across this line, and seemed to be chiefly left to the women. Goods and chattels, knives, dresses, blankets, pots and kettles, dogs and horses and guns were placed in the possession of *stake-holders*, who sat by them and watched them on the ground all night preparatory to the play.

The sticks with which this tribe play are bent into an



oblong hoop at the end, with a sort of light web of small thongs tied across to prevent the ball from passing through. The players hold one of these in each hand, and by leaping into the air, they catch the ball between the two nettings and throw it, without being allowed to strike it or catch it in their hands.

In every ball-play of these people it is a rule of the play that no man shall wear moccasins on his feet, or any other dress than his breech-cloth around his waist, with a beautiful bead belt and a "tail," made of white horsehair or quills, and a "mane" on the neck of horsehair, dyed of various colors.

This game had been arranged and "made up" three or four months before the parties met to play it, and in the following manner: The two champions who led the two parties, and had the alternate choosing of the players through the whole tribe, sent runners, with the ball-sticks most fantastically ornamented with ribbons and red paint, to be touched by each one of the chosen players, who thereby agreed to be on the spot at the appointed time and ready for the play.

The ground having been all prepared and preliminaries of the game all settled, and the bets all made, and goods all "staked," night came on without the appearance of any players on the ground. But soon after dark a procession of lighted flambeaux was seen

coming from each encampment to the ground, where the players assembled around their respective byes, and at the beat of the drums and chants of the women, each party of players commenced the "ball-play dance." Each danced for a quarter of an hour around their respective byes in their ball-play dress, rattling their ball-sticks together in the most violent manner, and all singing as loud as they could raise their voices, while the women of each party who had their goods at stake formed into two rows on the line between the two parties of players and danced also, in a uniform step, and all their voices joined in chants to the Great Spirit, in which they solicited his favor in deciding the game to their advantage, and also encouraged the players to exert every power they possessed in the struggle that was to ensue. In the meantime, four old medicine-men, who were to start the ball, and who were to be judges of the play, were smoking to the Great Spirit that they might judge rightly and impartially in so important an affair.

This dance was one of the most picturesque scenes imaginable, and was repeated at intervals of every half hour during the night, and exactly in the same manner.

In the morning, at the hour, the two parties and all their friends were drawn out and over the ground, when at length the game commenced by the judges throwing up the ball at the firing of a gun. The players, who were some six or seven hundred in numbers, endeavored

to catch the ball in their sticks and throw it home and between their respective stakes, which counts one for game. In this game every player was dressed alike, that is, divested of all dress except the girdle and the tail which I have before described.

In these desperate struggles, when the ball is up, hundreds are running, leaping over one another's heads, and darting between their opponents' legs, tripping, and throwing, and foiling each other in every possible way, and every voice raised to the highest key in shrill yelps and barks; the rapid succession of feats and incidents is astonishing. Frequently there is individual resistance, which ends in violent scuffles and fisticuffs. At such times their sticks are dropped and they fight it out unmolested. Every weapon, by a rule in all ball games, is left in their camps, and no one is allowed to go for one, so their broils are settled without much personal injury.

There are times, when the ball falls to the ground, that for a quarter of an hour a confused mass of ball-sticks, shins, and bloody noses are carried around to different parts of the grounds, without any one of the players being able to see the ball. For each time the ball was passed between the stakes of either side one was counted for game and a halt of a minute given. The judges then started the play again, and a similar struggle was carried on until the successful party gained one hundred, which was the limit, and took the stakes.

THE OGILLALLAH VILLAGE

FRANCIS PARKMAN

As soon as Raymond and I discovered the village from the gap in the hills, we were seen in our turn; keen eyes were constantly on the watch. As we rode down upon the plain, the side of the village nearest us was darkened with a crowd of naked figures. Several men came forward to meet us. I could distinguish among them the green blanket of the Frenchman Reynal. When we came up, the ceremony of shaking hands had to be gone through in due form.

"What chiefs are there in the village now?" asked I. "Well," said Reynal, "there's old Red-Water, and the Eagle Feather, and the Big Crow, and the Mad Wolf, and the Panther, and the White Shield."

Just then we passed between two of the lodges and entered the great area of the village. Superb, naked figures stood silently gazing on us.

"Where's the Bad Wound's lodge?" said I to Reynal. "There, you've missed it again! The Bad Wound is away with the Whirlwind. If you could have found him here, and gone to live in his lodge, he would have treated you better than any man in the village. But there's the Big

Crow's lodge yonder next to old Red Water's. He's a good Indian for the whites, and I advise you to go and live with him."

So, still followed by a crowd of Indians, Raymond and I rode up to the entrance of the Big Crow's lodge. A squaw came out immediately and took our horses. I put aside the leather flap that covered the low opening, and stooping, entered the Big Crow's dwelling. There I could see the chief in the dim light, seated at one side on a pile of buffalo robes. He greeted me with a guttural "How, cola!" I requested Reynal to tell him that Raymond and I were come to live with him. The Big Crow gave another low exclamation. The announcement may seem intrusive, but, in fact, every Indian in the village would have deemed himself honored that white men should give such preference to his hospitality.

The squaw spread a buffalo robe for us in the guest's place at the head of the lodge. Our saddles were brought in, and scarcely were we seated upon them before the place was thronged with Indians crowding in to see us. The Big Crow produced his pipe and filled it with a mixture of tobacco and *shongsasha,* or red willow bark. Round and round it passed, and a lively conversation went forward. Meanwhile a squaw placed before the two guests a wooden bowl of boiled buffalo meat, but unhappily this was not the only banquet destined to be inflicted on us.

One after another, boys and young squaws thrust their heads in at the opening, to invite us to various feasts in different parts of the village. For half an hour or more we were actively engaged in passing from lodge to lodge, tasting in each of the bowl of meat set before us and inhaling a whiff or two from our entertainer's pipe.

A thunder-storm that had been threatening for some time now began in good earnest. We crossed over to Reynal's lodge, though it hardly deserved the name, for it consisted only of a few old buffalo-robes, supported on poles, and was quite open on one side. Here we sat down, and the Indians gathered round us.

"What is it," said I, "that makes the thunder?" "It's my belief," said Reynal, "that it's a big stone rolling over the sky."

"Very likely," I replied, "but I want to know what the Indians think about it."

So he interpreted my question, which produced some debate. At last old Mene-Seela, or Red Water, who sat by himself at one side, looked up with his withered face and said he had always known what thunder was. It was a great black bird; and once he had seen it, in a dream, swooping down from the Black Hills, with its loud roaring wings; and when it flapped them over a lake, they struck lightning from the water.

"The thunder is bad," said another old man, who sat

muffled in his buffalo robe; "he killed my brother last summer."

Reynal, at my request, asked for an explanation, but the old man remained doggedly silent, and would not look up.

The lodge of my host, Kongra-Tonga, or the Big Crow, presented a picturesque spectacle that evening. A score or more of Indians were seated around it in a circle, their dark, naked forms just visible by the dull light of the smoldering fire in the middle. The pipe glowed brightly in the gloom as it passed from hand to hand. Then a squaw would drop a piece of buffalo fat on the dull embers. Instantly a bright flame would leap up, darting its light to the very apex of the tall, conical structure, where the slender poles that supported the covering of hide were gathered together.

It gilded the features of the Indians as with animated gestures they sat around it, telling their endless stories of war and hunting, and displayed rude garments of skins that hung around the lodge; the bow, quiver, and lance, suspended over the resting-place of the chief, and the rifles and powder horns of the two white guests. For a moment all would be as bright as day; then the flames would die out; fitful flashes from the embers would illumine the lodge, and then leave it in darkness. Then the light would wholly fade, and the lodge and all within it would be involved again in obscurity.

PSALM 90

The Bible

Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations.

Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God.

Thou turnest man to destruction; and sayest, Return, ye children of men.

For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night.

Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as a sleep: in the morning they are like grass which groweth up.

In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up: in the evening it is cut down, and withereth.

For we are consumed by thine anger, and by thy wrath are we troubled.

Thou hast set our iniquities before thee, our secret sins in the light of thy countenance.

For all our days are passed away in thy wrath: we spend our years as a tale that is told.

The days of our years are three-score years and ten;

and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away.

Who knoweth the power of thine anger? even according to thy fear, so is thy wrath.

So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

Return, O Lord, how long? and let it repent thee concerning thy servants.

O satisfy us early with thy mercy; that we may rejoice and be glad all our days.

Make us glad according to the days wherein thou hast afflicted us, and the years wherein we have seen evil.

Let thy work appear unto the servants, and thy glory unto their children.

And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us: and establish thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish thou it.

THE COUNTRY LIFE

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD

Not what we would, but what we must,
Makes up the sum of living;
Heaven is both more and less than just
In taking and in giving.
Swords cleave to hands that sought the plough,
And laurels miss the soldier's brow.

Me, whom the city holds, whose feet
Have worn its stony highways,
Familiar with its loneliest street—
Its ways were never my ways.
My cradle was beside the sea,
And there, I hope, my grave will be.

Old homestead! In that old, gray town,
Thy vane is seaward blowing,
Thy slip of garden stretches down
To where the tide is flowing:
Below they lie, their sails all furled,
The ships that go about the world.

Dearer that little country house,
Inland, with pines beside it;
Some peach-trees, with unfruitful boughs,
A well, with weeds to hide it:
No flowers, or only such as rise
Self-sown, poor things, which all despise.

Dear country home! Can I forget
The least of thy sweet trifles?
The window-vines that clamber yet,
Whose blooms the bee still rifles?
The roadside blackberries, growing ripe,
And in the woods the Indian Pipe?

Happy the man who tills his field,
Content with rustic labor;
Earth does to him her fulness yield,
Hap what may to his neighbor.
Well days, sound nights, O can there be
A life more rational and free?

Dear country life of child and man!
For both the best, the strongest,
That with the earliest race began,
And hast outlived the longest.
Their cities perished long ago;
Who the first farmers were we know.

Perhaps our Babels too will fall,
If so, no lamentations,
For Mother Earth will shelter all,
And feed the unborn nations;
Yes, and the swords that menace now
Will then be beaten to the plough.

ON A DAY IN JUNE

JAMES LANE ALLEN

This morning, the third of June, the Undine from Green River rose above the waves.

The strawberry bed is almost under their windows. I had gone out to pick the first dish of the season for breakfast; for while I do not care to eat except to live, I never miss an opportunity of living upon strawberries.

I was stooping down and bending the wet leaves over, so as not to miss any, when a voice at the window above said, timidly and playfully:

"Are you the gardener?"

I picked on, turning as red as the berries. Then the voice said again:

"Old man, are you the gardener?"

Of course a person looking down carelessly on the stooping figure of *any* man and seeing nothing but a

faded straw hat, and arms and feet and ankles bent together, might easily think him decrepit with age. Some things touch off my temper. But I answered humbly:

"I am the gardener, madam."

"How much do you ask for your strawberries?"

"The gentleman who owns this place does not sell his strawberries. He gives them away, if he likes people. How much do you ask for *your* strawberries?"

"What a nice old gentleman! Is he having those picked to give away?"

"He is having these picked for his breakfast."

"Don't you think he'd like you to give me those, and pick him some more?"

"I fear not, madam."

"Nevertheless, you might. He'd never know."

"I think he'd find it out."

"You are not afraid of him, are you?"

"I am when he gets mad."

"Does he treat you badly?"

"If he does, I always forgive him."

"He doesn't seem to provide you with very many clothes." I picked on.

"But you seem nicely fed."

I picked on.

"What is his name, old man? Don't you like to talk?"

"Adam Moss."

"Such a green, cool, soft name! It is like his house and yard and garden. What does he do?"

"Whatever he pleases."

"You must not be impertinent to me, or I'll tell him. What does he like?"

"Birds—red-birds. What do *you* like?"

"Red-birds! How does he catch them? Throw salt on their tails?"

"He is a lover of Nature, madam, and particularly of birds."

"What does *he* know about birds? Doesn't he care for people?"

"He doesn't think many worth caring for."

"Indeed! And *he* is perfect, then, is he?"

"He thinks he is nearly as bad as any; but that doesn't make the rest any better."

"Poor old gentleman! He must have the blues dreadfully. What does he do with his birds? Eat his robins, and stuff his cats, and sell his red-birds in cages?"

"He considers it part of his mission in life to keep them from being eaten or stuffed or caged."

"And you say he is nearly a hundred?"

"He is something over thirty years of age, madam."

"Thirty! Surely we heard that he was very old.

And does he live in that beautiful little old house all by himself?"

"I live with him!"

"*You!* Ha! ha! ha! And what is *your* name, you dear good old man?"

"Adam."

"*Two* Adams living in the same house! Are you the *old* Adam? I have heard so much of him."

At this I rose, pushed back my hat, and looked up at her.

"I am Adam Moss," I said, with distant politeness. "You can have these strawberries for your breakfast if you want them."

There was a low quick "Oh!" and she was gone, and the curtains closed over her face. It was rude; but neither ought she to have called me the old Adam. I have been thinking of one thing: why should she speak slightingly of *my* knowledge of birds? What does *she* know about them? I should like to inquire.

Late this afternoon I dressed up in my high gray wool hat, my fine long-tailed blue cloth coat with brass buttons, my pink waistcoat, frilled shirt, white cravat, and yellow nankeen trousers, and walked slowly several times around my strawberry bed. Did not see any more ripe strawberries.

CROSSING THE BAR

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep,
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

JOHN RIDD'S ADVENTURE

RICHARD D. BLACKMORE

About two miles below our farm, the Bagworthy water runs into the Lynn, and makes a real river of it. Thence it hurries away, with strength and a force of wilful waters, under the foot of a barefaced hill, and so to rocks and woods again, where the stream is covered over, and dark, heavy pools delay it. There are plenty of fish all down this way, and the farther you go the bigger they be, having deeper grounds to feed in; and sometimes in the summer months, when Mother could spare me off the farm, I came down here, with Annie to help (because it was so lonely), and caught well-nigh a basketful of little trout and minnows, with a hook and a bit of worm on it, or a fern-web, or blowfly, hung from a hazel pulse-stick.

For of all the things I learned at Blundell's, only two abode with me, and one of these was the knack of fishing, and the other the art of swimming. And indeed they have a very rude manner of teaching children to swim there; for the big boys take the little boys, and put them through a certain process, which they grimly call "sheep-washing." In the third meadow from the

gate of the school, going up the river, there is a fine pool in the Lowman, where the Taunton brook comes in, and they call it "Taunton pool." The water runs down with a strong, sharp stickle, and then has a sudden elbow in it, where the small brook trickles in; and on that side the bank is steep, four, or it may be five feet high, overhanging loamily; but on the other side it is flat, pebbly, and fit to land upon.

Now the large boys take the small boys, crying sadly for mercy, and thinking, mayhap, of their mothers; with hands laid well on the back of their necks, they bring them up to the crest of the bank upon the eastern side, and make them strip their clothes off. Then the little boys, falling on their naked knees, blubber upwards piteously; but the large boys know what is good for them, and will not be entreated. So they cast them down, one after another, into the splash of the water, and watch them go to the bottom first, and then come up and fight for it, with a blowing and a bubbling. It is a very fair sight to watch, when you know there is little danger; because, although the pool is deep, the current is sure to wash a boy up on the stones, where the end of the depth is.

As for me, they had no need to throw me more than once, because I jumped in of my own accord, thinking small things of the Lowman, after the violent Lynn.

Nevertheless, I learnt to swim there, as all the other boys did; for the greatest point in learning that is to find that you must do it. I loved the water naturally, and could not long be out of it; but even the boys who hated it most, came to swim in some fashion or other, after they had been flung, for a year or two, into the Taunton pool.

But now, although my sister Annie came to keep me company, and was not to be parted from me by the tricks of the Lynn stream, because I put her on my back and carried her across, whenever she could not leap it, or tuck up her things and take the stones; yet so it happened that neither of us had been up the Bagworthy water. We knew that it brought a good stream down, as full of fish as of pebbles; and we thought that it must be very pretty to make a way where no way was, nor even a bullock came down to drink. But whether we were afraid or not, I am sure I can not tell, because it is so long ago; but I think that had something to do with it. For Bagworthy water ran out of Doone valley, a mile or so from the mouth of it.

But when I was turned fourteen years old, and put into good small-clothes, buckled at the knee, and strong blue worsted hosen, knitted by my mother, it happened to me without choice, I may say, to explore the Bagworthy water. And it came about in this wise.

My mother had long been ailing, and not well able to eat much; and there is nothing that frightens us so much as for people to have no love of their victuals. Now I chanced to remember, that once at the time of the holidays, I had brought dear Mother from Tiverton a jar of pickled loaches, caught by myself in the Lowman river, and baked in the kitchen oven, with vinegar, a few leaves of bay, and about a dozen peppercorns. And Mother had said that, in all her life, she had never tasted anything fit to be compared with them. Whether she said so good a thing, out of compliment to my skill in catching the fish and cooking them, or whether she really meant it, is more than I can tell, though I quite believe the latter, and so would most people who tasted them; at any rate, I now resolved to get some loaches for her, and do them in the self-same manner, just to make her eat a bit.

Being resolved to catch some loaches, whatever trouble it cost me, I set forth without a word to any one, in the forenoon of St. Valentine's Day, 1675–6, I think it must have been. Annie should not come with me, because the water was too cold; for the winter had been long, and snow lay here and there, in patches in the hollow of the banks, like a lady's gloves forgotten. And yet the spring was breaking forth, as it always does in Devonshire, when the turn of the days is over; and

though there was little to see of it, the air was full of feeling.

Let me be of any age, I never could forget that day, and how bitter cold the water was. For I doffed my shoes and hose, and put them into a bag about my neck; and left my little coat at home, and tied my shirt-sleeves back to my shoulders. Then I took a three-pronged fork firmly bound to a rod with cord, and a piece of canvas kerchief, with a lump of bread inside it; and so went into the pebbly water, trying to think how warm it was. For more than a mile down the Lynn stream, scarcely a stone I left unturned, being thoroughly skilled in the tricks of the loach, and knowing how he hides himself. For, being grey-spotted, and clear to see through, and something like a cuttle fish, only more substantial, he will stay quite still, where a streak of weed is in the rapid water, hoping to be overlooked, nor caring even to wag his tail. Then, being disturbed, he flips away like a whalebone from the finger, and hies to a shelf of stone, and lies with his sharp head poked in under it; or sometimes he bellies him into the mud and only shows his back-ridge. And that is the time to spear him nicely, holding the fork very gingerly, and allowing for the bent of it, which comes to pass, I know not how, at the tickle of air and water.

When I had travelled two miles or so, conquered now

and then with cold, and coming out to rub my legs into a lively friction, and only fishing here and there because of the tumbling water; suddenly, in an open space, where meadows spread about it, I found a good stream flowing softly into the body of our brook. And it brought, so far as I could guess by the sweep of it under my kneecaps, a larger power of clear water than the Lynn itself had; only it came more quietly down, not being troubled with stairs and steps, as the fortune of the Lynn is, but gliding smoothly and forcibly as if upon some set purpose.

Hereupon I drew up, and thought, and reason was much inside me; because the water was bitter cold, and my little toes were aching. So on the bank I rubbed them well with a sprout of young sting-nettle, and having skipped about awhile, was kindly inclined to eat a bit.

Now all the turn of my life hung upon that moment. But as I sat there munching a crust of Betty Muxworthy's sweet brown bread, and a bit of cold bacon along with it, and licking my little red heels against the dry loam to keep them warm, I knew no more than fish under the fork what was going on over me. It seemed a sad business to go back now and tell Annie there were no loaches; and yet it was a frightful thing, knowing what I did of it, to venture, where no grown man durst, up the Bagworthy water. And please to recollect that I

was only a boy in those days, fond enough of anything new, but not like a man to meet it.

However, as I ate more and more, my spirit arose within me, and I thought of what my father had been, and how he had told me a hundred times never to be a coward. And then I grew warm, and my little heart was ashamed of its pit-a-patting, and I said to myself, "Now if father looks, he shall see that I obey him." So I put my bag round my neck again, and buckled my breeches far up from the knee, expecting deep water, and crossing the Lynn, went stoutly up under the branches which hang so dark on the Bagworthy river.

I found it strongly over-woven, turned and torn with thicket-wood, but not so rocky as the Lynn, and more inclined to go evenly. There were bars of chafed stakes stretched from the sides half-way across the current, and light outriders of pithy weed, and blades of last year's water-grass trembling in the quiet places, like a spider's threads, on the transparent stillness, with a tint of olive moving it; and here and there the sun came in, as if his light were sifted, making dance upon the waves, and shadowing the pebbles.

Here, although affrighted often by the deep, dark places, and feeling that every step I took might never be taken backward, on the whole I had a very comely sport of loaches, trout, and minnows, forking some and

tickling some, and driving others to shallow nooks, whence I could bail them ashore. Now, if you have ever been fishing, you will not wonder that I was led on, forgetting all about danger, and taking no heed of the time but shouting in a childish way whenever I caught a "whacker" (as we called a big fish at Tiverton); and in sooth there were very fine loaches here, having more lie and harborage than in the rough Lynn stream, though not quite so large as in the Lowman, where I have even taken them to the weight of a quarter of a pound.

But in answer to all my shouts there was never any sound at all, except of a rocky echo, or a scared bird hustling away, or the sudden dive of a water-vole; and the place grew thicker and thicker, and the covert grew darker above me, until I thought that the fishes might have good chance of eating me, instead of my eating the fishes.

For now the day was falling fast behind the brown of the hill-tops, and the trees, being void of leaf and hard, seemed giants ready to beat me. And every moment, as the sky was clearing up for a white frost, the cold of the water got worse and worse, until I was fit to cry with it. And so, in a sorry plight, I came to an opening in the bushes, where a great black pool lay in front of me, whitened with snow (as I thought) at the sides, till I saw it was only foam-froth.

Now, though I could swim with great ease and comfort, and feared no depth of water when I could fairly come to it, yet I had no desire to go over head and ears into the great pool, being so cramped and weary, and cold enough in all conscience, though wet only up to the middle, not counting my arms and shoulders. And the look of this black pit was enough to stop one from diving into it, even on a hot summer's day with sunshine on the water; I mean, if the sun ever shone there. As it was, I shuddered and drew back; not alone at the pool itself and the black air there was about it, but also at the whirling manner, and wisping of white threads upon it, in stripy circles round and round; and the center still as jet.

But soon I saw the reason of the stir and depth of that great pit, as well as of the roaring sound which long had made me wonder. For skirting round one side, with very little comfort, because the rocks were high and steep, and the ledge at the foot so narrow, I came to a sudden sight and marvel, such as I never dreamed of. For, lo! I stood at the foot of a long pale slide of water, coming smoothly to me, without any break or hindrance, for a hundred yards or more, and fenced on either side with cliff, sheer, and straight, and shining. The water neither ran nor fell, nor leaped with any spouting, but made one even slope of it, as if it had been combed or planed, and looking like a plank of deal laid down a deep

black staircase. However, there was no side-rail, nor any place to walk upon, only the channel a fathom wide, and the perpendicular walls of crag shutting out the evening.

The look of this place had a sad effect, scaring me very greatly, and making me feel that I would give something only to be at home again, with Annie cooking my supper, and our dog, "Watch," sniffing upward. But nothing would come of wishing; that I had long found out; and it only made one the less inclined to work without white feather. So I laid the case before me in a little council; not for loss of time, but only that I wanted rest, and to see things truly.

Then says I to myself,—"John Ridd, these trees, and pools, and lonesome rocks, and setting of the sunlight, are making a gruesome coward of thee. Shall I go back to my mother so, and be called her fearless boy?"

Nevertheless, I am free to own that it was not any fine sense of shame which settled my decision; for indeed there was nearly as much of danger in going back as in going on, and perhaps even more of labor, the journey being so roundabout. But that which saved me from turning back was a strange inquisitive desire, very unbecoming in a boy of little years; in a word, I would risk a great deal to know what made the water come down like that, and what there was at the top of it.

Therefore, seeing hard strife before me, I girt up my breeches anew, with each buckle one hole tighter, for the sodden straps were stretching and giving, and mayhap my legs were grown smaller from the coldness of it. Then I bestowed my fish around my neck more tightly, and not stopping to look much, for fear of fear, crawled along over the work of rocks, where the water had scooped the stone out; and shunning thus the ledge from whence it rose, like the mane of a white horse, into the broad black pool, softly I let my feet into the dip and rush of the torrent.

And here I reckoned without my host, although (as I thought) so clever; and it was much but that I went down into the great black pool, and had never been heard of more; and this must have been the end of me, except for my trusty loach-fork. For the green wave came down, like great bottles upon me, and my legs were gone off in a moment, and I had not time to cry out with wonder, only to think of my mother and Annie, and knock my head very sadly, which made it go round so that my brains were no good, even if I had any. But all in a moment, before I knew aught, except that I must die out of the way, with a roar of water upon me, my fork, praise God, stuck fast in the rock, and I was borne up upon it. I felt nothing, except that here was another matter to begin upon; and it might be worth

while, or again it might not, to have another fight for it. But presently the dash of water upon my face revived me, and my mind grew used to the roar of it; and meseemed I had been worse off than this when first flung into the Lowman.

Therefore I gathered my legs back slowly, as if they were fish to be landed, stopping whenever the water flew too strongly off my shinbones, and coming along, without sticking out to let the wave get hold of me. And in this manner I won a footing, leaning well forward like a draught-horse, and balancing on my strength as it were, with the ashen stake set behind me. Then I said to myself, "John Ridd, the sooner you get yourself out by the way you came, the better it will be for you." But to my great dismay and affright, I saw that no choice was left me now, except that I must climb somehow up that hill of water, or else be washed down into the pool, and whirl around till it drowned me. For there was no chance of fetching back, by the way I had gone down into it; and further up was a ledge of rock on either side of the waterway, rising a hundred yards in height, and for all I could tell five hundred, and no place to set a foot in.

Having said the Lord's Prayer (which was all I knew), and made a very bad job of it, I grasped the good loach-stick under a knot, and steadied me with my left hand,

and so with a sigh of despair began my course up the fearful torrent-way. To me it seemed half-a-mile at least of sliding water above me, but in truth it was little more than a furlong, as I came to know afterwards. It would have been a hard ascent, even without the slippery slime, and the force of the river over it, and I had scanty hope indeed of ever winning the summit. Nevertheless my terror left me, now I was face to face with it, and had to meet the worst; and I set myself to do my best, with a vigor and sort of hardness, which did not then surprise me, but have done so ever since.

The water was only six inches deep, or from that to nine at the utmost, and all the way up I could see my feet white in the gloom of the hollow, and here and there I found resting-place, to hold on by the cliff and pant awhile. And gradually as I went on, a warmth of courage breathed in me, to think that perhaps no other had dared to try that pass before me, and to wonder what Mother would say. And then came thought of my father also, and the pain of my feet abated.

How I went on carefully, step by step, keeping my arms in front of me, and never daring to straighten my knees, is more than I can tell clearly, or even like now to think of, because it makes me dream of it. Only I must acknowledge, that the greatest danger of all was just where I saw no jeopardy, but ran up a patch of

black ooze-weed in a very boastful manner, being now not far from the summit.

Here I fell very piteously, and was like to have broken my kneecap, and the torrent got hold of my other leg, while I was indulging the bruised one. And then a vile knotting of cramp disabled me, and for awhile I could only roar, till my mouth was full of water, and all my body was sliding. But the fright of that brought me to again, and my elbow caught in a rock-hole; and so I managed to start again, with the help of more humility.

Now being in the most dreadful fright, because I was so near the top, and hope was beating within me, I labored hard with both legs and arms, going like a mill, and grunting. At last the rush of forked water, where first it came over the lips of the fall, drove me into the middle, and I stuck awhile with my toe-balls on the slippery links of the pop-weed, and the world was green and gliddery, and I durst not look behind me. Then I made up my mind to die at last; for so my legs would ache no more, and my breath not pain my heart so; only it did seem such a pity, after fighting so long to give in, and the light was coming upon me, and again I fought towards it; then suddenly I felt fresh air, and fell into it headlong.

When I came to myself again, my hands were full of young grass and mould; and a little girl kneeling at my

side was rubbing my forehead tenderly, with a dock-leaf and a handkerchief.

"Oh, I am so glad," she whispered softly, as I opened my eyes and looked at her; "now you will try to be better, won't you?"

I had never heard so sweet a sound as came from between her bright red lips, while there she knelt and gazed at me; neither had I ever seen anything so beautiful as the large dark eyes intent upon me, full of pity and wonder. And then, my nature being slow, and perhaps, for that matter, heavy, I wandered with my hazy eyes down the black shower of her hair, as to my jaded gaze it seemed; and where it fell on the turf, among it (like an early star) was the first primrose of the season. And since that day I think of her, through all the rough storms of my life, when I see an early primrose. Perhaps she liked my countenance; and indeed I know she did, because she said so afterwards; although at the time she was too young to know what made her take to me. Not that I had any beauty, or ever pretended to have any, only a solid healthy face, which many girls have laughed at.

Thereupon I sat upright, with my little trident still in one hand, and was much afraid to speak to her, being conscious of my country-brogue, lest she should cease to like me. But she clapped her hands, and made a tri-

fling dance around my back, and came to me on the other side, as if I were a great plaything.

"What is your name?" she said, as if she had every right to ask me; "and how did you come here, and what are these wet things in this great bag?"

"You had better let them alone," I said; "they are loaches for my mother. But I will give you some, if you like."

"Dear me, how much you think of them! Why, they are only fish. But how your feet are bleeding! oh, I must tie them up for you. And no shoes nor stockings! Is your mother very poor, poor boy?"

"No," I said, vexed at this; "we are rich enough to buy all this great meadow, if we chose; and here my shoes and stockings be."

"Why, they are quite as wet as your feet; and I can not bear to see your feet. Oh, please to let me manage them; I will do it very softly."

"Oh, I don't think much of that," I replied; "I shall put some goose-grease to them. But how you are looking at me! I never saw any one like you before. My name is John Ridd. What is your name?"

"Lorna Doone," she answered, in a low voice, as if afraid of it, and hanging her head, so that I could see only her forehead and eyelashes; "if you please, my name is Lorna Doone; and I thought you must have known it."

Then I stood up, and touched her hand, and tried to make her look at me; but she only turned away the more. Young and harmless as she was, her name alone made guilt of her. Nevertheless I could not help looking at her tenderly, and the more when her blushes turned into tears, and her tears to long, low sobs.

"Don't cry," I said, "whatever you do. I am sure you have never done any harm. I will give you all my fish, Lorna, and catch some more for Mother; only don't be angry with me."

She flung her little soft arms up, in the passion of her tears, and looked at me so piteously, that what did I do but kiss her. It seemed to be a very odd thing, when I came to think of it, because I hated kissing so, as all honest boys must do. But she touched my heart with a sudden delight, like a cowslip-blossom (although there were none to be seen yet) and the sweetest flowers of spring.

Now, seeing how I heeded her, and feeling that I had kissed her, although she was such a little girl, eight years old or thereabouts, she turned to the stream in a bashful manner, and began to watch the water, and rubbed one leg against the other.

I for my part, being vexed at her behavior to me, took up all my things to go, and made a fuss about it; to let her know I was going. But she did not call me

back at all, as I had made sure she would do; moreover, I knew that to try the descent was almost certain death to me, and it looked as dark as pitch; and so at the mouth I turned round again, and came back to her, and said, "Lorna."

"Oh, I thought you were gone," she answered; "why did you ever come here? Do you know what they would do to us, if they found you here with me?"

"Beat us, I dare say, very hard, or me at least. They could never beat you."

"No. They would kill us both outright, and bury us here by the water; and the water often tells me that I must come to that."

"But what should they kill me for?"

"Because you have found the way up here, and they never could believe it. Now, please to go; oh please to go. They will kill us both in a moment. Yes, I like you very much"—for I was teasing her to say it—"very much indeed, and I will call you John Ridd, if you like; only please to go, John. And when your feet are well, you know, you can come and tell me how they are."

"But I tell you, Lorna, I like you very much indeed, nearly as much as Annie, and a great deal more than Lizzie. And I never saw any one like you; and I must come back to-morrow, and so must you, to see me; and I will bring you such a maun of things—there are apples

still, and a thrush I caught with only one leg broken, and our dog has just had puppies"——

"Oh dear, they won't let me have a dog. There is not a dog in the valley. They say they are such noisy things"——

"Only put your hand in mine,—what little things they are, Lorna!—and I will bring you the loveliest dog; I will show you just how long he is."

"Hush!" A shout came down the valley; and all my heart was trembling, like water after sunset, and Lorna's face was altered from pleasant play to terror. She shrank to me, and looked up at me, with such a power of weakness, that I at once made up my mind to save her or to die with her. A tingle went through all my bones, and I only longed for my carbine. The little girl took courage from me, and put her cheek quite close to mine.

"Come with me down the waterfall. I can carry you easily; and Mother will take care of you."

"No, no," she cried, as I took her up: "I will tell you what to do. They are only looking for me. You see that hole, that hole there?"

She pointed to a little niche in the rock, which verged the meadow, about fifty yards away from us. In the fading of the twilight I could just descry it.

"Yes, I see it; but they will see me crossing the grass to get there."

"Look! look!" She could hardly speak. "There is a way out from the top of it; they would kill me if I told it. Oh, here they come; I can see them."

The little maid turned as white as the snow which hung on the rocks above her, and she looked at the water, and then at me, and she cried, "Oh dear! oh dear!" And then she began to sob aloud, being so young and unready. But I drew her behind the withy-bushes, and close down to the water, where it was quiet, and shelving deep, ere it came to the lip of the chasm. Here they could not see either of us from the upper valley, and might have sought a long time for us, even when they came quite near, if the trees had been clad with their summer clothes. Luckily I had picked up my fish, and taken my three-pronged fork away.

Crouching in that hollow nest, as children get together in ever so little compass, I saw a dozen fierce men come down, on the other side of the water, not bearing any firearms, but looking lax and jovial, as if they were come from riding and a dinner taken hungrily. "Queen, queen!" they were shouting, here and there, and now and then: "Where the pest is our little queen gone?"

"They always call me 'queen,' and I am to be queen by and by," Lorna whispered to me, with her soft cheek on my rough one, and her little heart beating against me: "oh, they are crossing by the timber there, and then they are sure to see us."

"Stop," said I; "now I see what to do. I must get into the water, and you must go to sleep."

"To be sure, yes, away in the meadow there. But how bitter cold it will be for you!"

She saw in a moment the way to do it, sooner than I could tell her; and there was no time to lose.

"Now mind you never come again," she whispered over her shoulder, as she crept away with a childish twist, hiding her white front from me; "only I shall come sometimes—oh, here they are, Madonna!"

Daring scarce to peep, I crept into the water, and lay down bodily in it, with my head between two blocks of stone, and some flood-drift combing over me. The dusk was deepening between the hills, and a white mist lay on the river; but I, being in the channel of it, could see every ripple, and twig and rush, and glazing of twilight above it, as bright as in a picture; so that to my ignorance there seemed to be no chance at all but that the men must find me. For all this time, they were shouting and swearing, and keeping such a hallabaloo, that the rocks all round the valley rang; and my heart quaked, so (what with this and the cold) that the water began to gurgle round me and lap upon the pebbles.

Neither in truth did I try to stop it, being now so desperate, between the fear and the wretchedness; till I caught a glimpse of the little maid, whose beauty and

whose kindliness had made me yearn to be with her. And then I knew that for her sake I was bound to be brave, and hide myself. She was lying beneath a rock, thirty or forty yards from me, feigning to be fast asleep, with her dress spread beautifully, and her hair drawn over her eyes.

Presently one of the great rough men came round a corner upon her; and there he stopped, and gazed awhile at her fairness and innocence. Then he caught her up in his arms, and kissed her so that I heard him; and if I had only brought my gun, I would have tried to shoot him.

"Here our queen is! Here's the queen, here's the captain's daughter!" he shouted to his comrades; "fast asleep, and hearty! Now I have first claim to her; and no one else shall touch the child. Back to the bottle, all of you!"

He set her dainty form upon his great square shoulder, and her narrow feet in one broad hand; and so in triumph marched away, with the silken length of her hair fetched out, like a cloud by the wind, behind her. This way of her going vexed me so, that I leaped upright in the water, and must have been spied by some of them but for their haste to the wine-bottle. Of their little queen they took small notice, being in this urgency, although they had thought to find her drowned; but

trooped away, one after another, with kindly challenge to gambling, so far as I could make them out; and I kept sharp watch, I assure you.

Going up that darkened glen, little Lorna, riding still the largest and most fierce of them, turned and put up a hand to me; and I put up a hand to her, in the thick of the mist and the willows.

She was gone, my little dear (though tall of her age and healthy); and when I got over my thriftless fright, I longed to have more to say to her. Her voice to me was so different from all I had ever heard before, as might be a sweet silver bell, intoned to the small chords of a harp. But I had no time to think about this, if I hoped to have any supper.

I crept into a bush for warmth, and rubbed my shivering leg on bark, and longed for Mother's fagot. Then, as daylight sank below the forget-me-not of stars, with a sorrow to be quit, I knew that now must be my time to get away, if there were any.

Therefore, wringing my sodden breeches, I managed to crawl from the bank to the niche in the cliff, which Lorna had shown me.

Through the dusk, I had trouble to see the mouth, at even five landyards of distance; nevertheless I entered well, and held on by some dead fern-stems, and did hope that no one would shoot me.

But while I was hugging myself like this, with a boyish manner of reasoning, my joy was like to have ended in sad grief, both to myself and my mother, and haply to all honest folk who shall love to read this history. For hearing a noise in front of me, and like a coward not knowing where, but afraid to turn round or think of it, I felt myself going down some deep passage, into a pit of darkness. It was no good to catch the sides, for the whole thing seemed to go with me. Then, without knowing how, I was leaning over a night of water.

This water was of black radiance, as are certain diamonds, spanned across with vaults of rock, and carrying no image, neither showing marge nor end, but centered (as might be) with a bottomless indrawal.

With that chill and dread upon me, and the sheer rock all around, and the faint light heaving wavily on the silence of this gulf, I must have lost my wits, and gone to the bottom, if there were any.

But suddenly a robin sang (as they will do after dark, towards spring) in the brown fern and ivy behind me. I took it for our little Annie's voice (for she could call any robin), and gathering quick warm comfort, sprang up the steep way towards the starlight. Climbing back, as the stones glid down, I heard the cold greedy wave go lapping, like a blind black dog, into the distance of arches, and hollow depths of darkness.

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

WALT WHITMAN

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;
But O heart! heart! heart!
Oh, the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up — for you the flag is flung — for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribboned wreaths — for you the shores a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
Here Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck,
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;
Exult O shores, and ring O bells!
But I with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;
Dream of battle-fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking.
In our isle's enchanted hall,
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing;
Fairy strains of music fall,
Every sense in slumber dewing.
Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Dream of fighting fields no more;
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

—Scott.

THE TEMPEST

CHARLES AND MARY LAMB

There was a certain island in the sea, the only inhabitants of which were an old man, whose name was Prospero, and his daughter, Miranda, a very beautiful young lady. She came to this island so young, that she had no memory of having seen any other human face than her father's.

They lived in a cave or cell, made out of a rock; it was divided into several apartments, one of which Prospero called his study; there he kept his books, which chiefly treated of magic, a study at that time much affected by all learned men: and the knowledge of this art he found very useful to him; for being thrown by a strange chance upon this island, which had been enchanted by a witch called Sycorax, who died there a short time before his arrival, Prospero, by virtue of his art, released many good spirits that Sycorax had imprisoned in the bodies of large trees, because they had refused to execute her wicked commands. These gentle spirits were ever after obedient to the will of Prospero. Of these Ariel was the chief.

The lively little sprite Ariel had nothing mischievous

in his nature, except that he took rather too much pleasure in tormenting an ugly monster called Caliban, for he owed him a grudge because he was the son of his old enemy Sycorax. This Caliban, Prospero found in the woods, a strange misshapen thing, far less human in form than an ape: he took him home to his cell, and taught him to speak; and Prospero would have been very kind to him, but the bad nature which Caliban inherited from his mother Sycorax would not let him learn anything good or useful: therefore he was employed like a slave, to fetch wood, to do the most laborious offices; and Ariel had the charge of compelling him to these services.

When Caliban was lazy and neglected his work, Ariel (who was invisible to all eyes but Prospero's) would come slyly and pinch him, and sometimes tumble him down in the mire; and then Ariel, in the likeness of an ape, would make mouths at him. Then swiftly changing his shape, in the likeness of a hedgehog, he would lie tumbling in Caliban's way, who feared the hedgehog's sharp quills would prick his bare feet. With a variety of such-like vexatious tricks Ariel would often torment him, whenever Caliban neglected the work which Prospero commanded him to do.

Having these powerful spirits obedient to his will, Prospero could by their means command the winds, and the waves of the sea. By his orders they raised a vio-

lent storm, in the midst of which, and struggling with the wild sea-waves that every moment threatened to swallow it up, he showed his daughter a fine large ship, which he told her was full of living beings like themselves. "O my dear father," said she, "if by your art you have raised this dreadful storm, have pity on their sad distress. See! the vessel will be dashed to pieces. Poor souls! they will all perish. If I had power, I would sink the sea beneath the earth, rather than the good ship should be destroyed, with all the precious souls within her."

"Be not so amazed, daughter Miranda," said Prospero; "there is no harm done. I have so ordered it, that no person in the ship shall receive any hurt. What I have done has been in care of you, my dear child. You are ignorant who you are, or where you came from, and you know no more of me but that I am your father, and live in this poor cave. Can you remember a time before you came to this cell? I think you cannot, for you were not then three years of age."

"Certainly I can, sir," replied Miranda.

"By what?" asked Prospero; "by any other house or person? Tell me what you can remember, my child."

Miranda said, "It seems to me like the recollection of a dream. But had I not once four or five women who attended upon me?"

Prospero answered, "You had, and more. How is it that this still lives in your mind? Do you remember how you came here?"

"No, sir," said Miranda, "I remember nothing more."

"Twelve years ago, Miranda," continued Prospero, "I was duke of Milan, and you were a princess and my only heir. I had a younger brother, whose name was Antonio, to whom I trusted everything; and as I was fond of retirement and deep study, I commonly left the management of my state affairs to your uncle, my false brother (for so indeed he proved). I, neglecting all worldly ends, buried among my books, did dedicate my whole time to the bettering of my mind. My brother Antonio being thus in possession of my power, began to think himself the duke indeed. The opportunity I gave him of making himself popular among my subjects awakened in his bad nature a proud ambition to deprive me of my dukedom: this he soon effected with the aid of the king of Naples, a powerful prince, who was my enemy."

"Wherefore," said Miranda, "did they not that hour destroy us?"

"My child," answered her father, "they durst not, so dear was the love that my people bore me. Antonio carried us on board a ship, and when we were some leagues out to sea, he forced us into a small boat, without either tackle, sail or mast: there he left us, as he

thought, to perish. But a kind lord of my court, one Gonzalo, who loved me, had privately placed in the boat, water, provisions, apparel, and some books which I prize above my dukedom."

"O my father," said Miranda, "what a trouble must I have been to you then!"

"No, my love," said Prospero, "you were a little cherub that did preserve me. Your innocent smiles made me bear up against my misfortunes. Our food lasted till we landed on this desert island, since when my chief delight has been in teaching you, Miranda, and well have you profited by my instructions."

"Heaven thank you, my dear father," said Miranda. "Now pray tell me, sir, your reason for raising this sea-storm?"

"Know then," said her father, "that by means of this storm, my enemies, the king of Naples, and my cruel brother, are cast ashore upon this island."

Having so said, Prospero gently touched his daughter with his magic wand, and she fell fast asleep; for the spirit Ariel just then presented himself before his master, to give an account of the tempest, and how he had disposed of the ship's company, and though the spirits were always invisible to Miranda, Prospero did not choose she should hear him holding converse (as it would seem to her) with the empty air.

"Well, my brave spirit," said Prospero to Ariel, "how have you performed your task?"

Ariel gave a lively description of the storm, and of the terrors of the mariners and how the king's son, Ferdinand, was the first who leaped into the sea; and his father thought he saw his dear son swallowed up by the waves and lost. "But he is safe," said Ariel, "in a corner of the isle, sitting with his arms folded, sadly lamenting the loss of the king, his father, whom he concludes drowned. Not a hair of his head is injured, and his princely garments, though drenched in the sea-waves, look fresher than before."

"That's my delicate Ariel," said Prospero. "Bring him hither: my daughter must see this young prince. Where is the king, and my brother?"

"I left them," answered Ariel, "searching for Ferdinand, whom they have little hopes of finding, thinking they saw him perish. Of the ship's crew not one is missing; though each one thinks himself the only one saved: and the ship, though invisible to them, is safe in the harbor."

"Ariel," said Prospero, "thy charge is faithfully performed: but there is more work yet."

"Is there more work?" said Ariel. "Let me remind you, master, you have promised me my liberty. I pray, remember, I have done you worthy service, told you no

lies, made no mistakes, served you without grudge or grumbling."

"How now!" said Prospero. "You do not recollect what a torment I freed you from. Have you forgot the wicked witch Sycorax, who with age and envy was almost bent double? Where was she born? Speak; tell me."

"Sir, in Algiers," said Ariel.

"O, was she so?" said Prospero. "I must recount what you have been, which I find you do not remember. This bad witch, Sycorax, for her witchcrafts, too terrible to enter human hearing, was banished from Algiers, and here left by the sailors; and because you were a spirit too delicate to execute her wicked commands, she shut you up in a tree, where I found you howling. This torment, remember, I did free you from."

"Pardon me, dear master," said Ariel, ashamed to seem ungrateful; "I will obey your commands."

"Do so," said Prospero, "and I will set you free." He then gave orders what further he would have him do; and away went Ariel, first to where he had left Ferdinand, and found him still sitting on the grass in the same melancholy posture.

"O my young gentleman," said Ariel, when he saw him, "I will soon move you. You must be brought, I find, for the Lady Miranda to have a sight of your pretty person. Come, sir, follow me." He then began singing,

"Full fathom five thy father lies:
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Hark! now I hear them,—Ding-dong, bell."

This strange news of his lost father soon roused the prince from the stupid fit into which he had fallen. He followed in amazement the sound of Ariel's voice, till it led him to Prospero and Miranda, who were sitting under the shade of a large tree. Now Miranda had never seen a man before, except her own father.

"Miranda," said Prospero, "tell me what you are looking at yonder."

"O father," said Miranda, in a strange surprise, "surely that is a spirit. Lord! how it looks about! Believe me, sir, it is a beautiful creature. Is it not a spirit?"

"No, girl," answered her father; "it eats, and sleeps, and has senses such as we have. This young man you see was in the ship. He is somewhat altered by grief, or you might call him a handsome person. He has lost his companions, and is wandering about to find them."

Miranda, who thought all men had grave faces and gray beards like her father, was delighted with the appearance of this beautiful young prince; and Ferdinand, seeing such a lovely lady in this desert place, and from the strange sounds he had heard, expecting nothing but wonders, thought he was upon an enchanted island, and that Miranda was the goddess of the place, and as such he began to address her.

She timidly answered, she was no goddess, but a simple maid, and was going to give him an account of herself, when Prospero interrupted her. He was well pleased to find they admired each other, for he plainly perceived they had (as we say) fallen in love at first sight: but to try Ferdinand's constancy, he resolved to throw some difficulties in their way: therefore advancing forward, he addressed the prince with a stern air, telling him, he came to the island as a spy, to take it from him who was the lord of it. "Follow me," said he, "I will tie your neck and feet together. You shall drink sea-water; shell-fish, withered roots, and husks of acorns shall be your food." "No," said Ferdinand, "I will resist such entertainment, till I see a more powerful enemy," and drew his sword; but Prospero, waving his magic wand, fixed him to the spot where he stood, so that he had no power to move.

Miranda hung upon her father, saying, "Why are you

so ungentle? Have pity, sir; I will be his surety. This is the second man I ever saw, and to me he seems a true one."

"Silence," said the father: "one word more will make me chide you, girl! What! an advocate for an impostor! You think there are no more such fine men, having seen only him and Caliban. I tell you, foolish girl, most men as far excel this, as he does Caliban." This he said to prove his daughter's constancy; and she replied, "My affections are most humble. I have no wish to see a goodlier man."

"Come on, young man," said Prospero to the prince; "you have no power to disobey me."

"I have not, indeed," answered Ferdinand; and not knowing that it was by magic he was deprived of all power of resistance, he was astonished to find himself so strangely compelled to follow Prospero: looking back on Miranda, as long as he could see her, he said, as he went after Prospero into the cave, "My spirits are all bound up, as if I were in a dream; but this man's threats, and the weakness which I feel, would seem light to me if from my prison I might once a day behold this fair maid."

Prospero kept Ferdinand not long confined within the cell: he soon brought out his prisoner, and set him a severe task to perform, taking care to let his daughter

know the hard labor he had imposed on him, and then pretending to go into his study, he secretly watched them both.

Prospero had commanded Ferdinand to pile up some heavy logs of wood. Kings' sons not being much used to laborious work, Miranda soon after found her lover almost dying with fatigue. "Alas!" said she, "do not work so hard; my father is at his studies, he is safe for these three hours; pray rest yourself."

"O my dear lady," said Ferdinand, "I dare not. I must finish my task before I take my rest."

"If you will sit down," said Miranda, "I will carry your logs the while." But this Ferdinand would by no means agree to. Instead of a help Miranda became a hindrance, for they began a long conversation, so that the business of log-carrying went on very slowly.

Prospero, who had enjoined Ferdinand this task merely as a trial of his love, was not at his books, as his daughter supposed, but was standing by them invisible, to overhear what they said. Ferdinand inquired her name, which she told, saying it was against her father's express command she did so.

Prospero only smiled at this first instance of his daughter's disobedience, for having by his magic art caused his daughter to fall in love so suddenly, he was not angry that she showed her love by forgetting to

obey his commands. And he listened well pleased to a long speech of Ferdinand's, in which he professed to love her above all the ladies he ever saw.

In answer to his praises of her beauty, which he said exceeded all the women in the world, she replied, "I do not remember the face of any woman, nor have I seen any more men than you, my good friend, and my dear father. How features are abroad, I know not; but believe me, sir, I would not wish any companion in the world but you, nor can my imagination form any shape but yours that I could like. But, sir, I fear I talk to you too freely, and my father's precepts I forget."

At this, Prospero smiled, and nodded his head, as much as to say, "This goes on exactly as I could wish; my girl will be queen of Naples."

And then Ferdinand, in another fine long speech (for young princes speak in courtly phrases), told the innocent Miranda he was the heir to the crown of Naples, and that she should be his queen.

"Ah! sir," said she, "I am a fool to weep at what I am glad of. I will answer you in plain and holy innocence, I am your wife if you will marry me."

Prospero prevented Ferdinand's thanks by appearing visible before them.

"Fear nothing, my child," said he; "I have overheard and approve of all you have said. And, Ferdi-

nand, if I have too severely used you, I will make you rich amends, by giving you my daughter. All your vexations were but trials of your love, and you have nobly stood the test. Then as my gift, which your true love has worthily purchased, take my daughter, and do not smile that I boast she is above all praise." He then, telling them that he had business which required his presence, desired they would sit down and talk together till he returned; and this command Miranda seemed not at all disposed to disobey.

When Prospero left them, he called his spirit Ariel, who quickly appeared before him, eager to relate what he had done with Prospero's brother and the king of Naples. Ariel said he had left them almost out of their senses with fear, at the strange things he had caused them to see and hear. When fatigued with wandering about, and famished for want of food, he had suddenly set before them a delicious banquet, and then, just as they were going to eat, he appeared visible before them in the shape of a harpy, a voracious monster with wings, and the feast vanished away. Then, to their utter amazement, this seeming harpy spoke to them, reminding them of their cruelty in driving Prospero from his dukedom, and leaving him and his infant daughter to perish in the sea; saying, that for this cause these terrors were suffered to afflict them.

The king of Naples, and Antonio, the false brother, repented the injustice they had done to Prospero; and Ariel told his master he was certain their penitence was sincere, and that he, though a spirit, could not but pity them.

"Then bring them hither, Ariel," said Prospero: "if you, who are but a spirit, feel their distress, shall not I, who am a human being like themselves, have compassion on them? Bring them, quickly, my dainty Ariel."

Ariel soon returned with the king, Antonio, and old Gonzalo in their train, who had followed him, wondering at the wild music he played in the air to draw them on to his master's presence. This Gonzalo was the same who had so kindly provided Prospero formerly with books and provisions, when his wicked brother left him, as he thought, to perish in an open boat in the sea.

Grief and terror had so stupefied their senses, that they did not know Prospero. He first discovered himself to the good old Gonzalo, calling him the preserver of his life; and then his brother and the king knew that he was the injured Prospero.

Antonio, with tears and sad words of sorrow and true repentance, implored his brother's forgiveness, and the king expressed his sincere remorse for having assisted Antonio to depose his brother: and Prospero forgave

them; and, upon their engaging to restore his dukedom, he said to the king of Naples, "I have a gift in store for you too"; and opening a door, showed him his son Ferdinand playing chess with Miranda.

Nothing could exceed the joy of the father and the son at this unexpected meeting, for they each thought the other drowned in the storm.

"O wonder!" said Miranda, "what noble creatures these are! It must surely be a brave world that has such people in it."

The king of Naples was almost as much astonished at the beauty and excellent graces of the young Miranda as his son had been. "Who is this maid?" said he; "she seems the goddess that has parted us, and brought us thus together." "No, sir," answered Ferdinand, smiling to find his father had fallen into the same mistake that he had done when he first saw Miranda, "she is a mortal, but by immortal Providence she is mine; I chose her when I could not ask you, my father, for your consent, not thinking you were alive. She is the daughter to this Prospero, who is the famous duke of Milan, of whose renown I have heard so much, but never saw him till now: of him I have received a new life: he has made himself to me a second father, giving me this dear lady."

"Then I must be her father," said the king; "but

oh! how oddly will it sound, that I must ask my child's forgiveness."

"No more of that," said Prospero: "let us not remember our troubles past, since they so happily have ended." And then Prospero embraced his brother, and again assured him of his forgiveness; and said that a wise over-ruling Providence had permitted that he should be driven from his poor dukedom of Milan, that his daughter might inherit the crown of Naples, for that by their meeting in this desert island, it had happened that the king's son had loved Miranda.

These kind words which Prospero spoke, meaning to comfort his brother, so filled Antonio with shame and remorse, that he wept and was unable to speak; and the kind old Gonzalo wept to see this joyful reconciliation, and prayed for blessings on the young couple.

Prospero now told them that their ship was safe in the harbor, and the sailors all on board her, and that he and his daughter would accompany them home the next morning. "In the meantime," said he, "partake of such refreshments as my poor cave affords; and for your evening's entertainment I will relate the history of my life from my first landing on this desert island." He then called for Caliban to prepare some food, and set the cave in order; and the company was astonished at the uncouth form and savage appearance of this

ugly monster, who (Prospero said) was the only attendant he had to wait upon him.

Before Prospero left the island, he dismissed Ariel from his service, to the great joy of that lively little spirit; who, though he had been a faithful servant to his master, was always longing to enjoy his free liberty, to wander uncontrolled in the air, like a wild bird, under green trees, among pleasant fruits and sweet-smelling flowers. "My quaint Ariel," said Prospero to the little sprite when he made him free, "I shall miss you; yet you shall have your freedom." "Thank you, my dear master," said Ariel; "but give me leave to attend your ship home with prosperous gales, before you bid farewell to the assistance of your faithful spirit; and then, master, when I am free, how merrily I shall live!" Here Ariel sung this pretty song:

"Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie:
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough."

Prospero then buried deep in the earth his magical books and wand, for he was resolved never more to make

use of the magic art. And having thus overcome his enemies, and being reconciled to his brother and the king of Naples, nothing now remained to complete his happiness but to revisit his native land, to take possession of his dukedom, and to witness the happy nuptials of his daughter and Prince Ferdinand, which the king said should be instantly celebrated with great splendor on their return to Naples. At which place, under the safe convoy of the spirit Ariel, they, after a pleasant voyage, soon arrived.

NOTES

ALLEN, JAMES LANE (1849–).—An American novelist. Mr. Allen has made himself known especially as the novelist of Kentucky, breathing the freshness of the Southern spring. However, the characters which he portrays and their problems are not confined to any one State. His best-known books are *A Kentucky Cardinal, Aftermath, The Choir Invisible,* and *The Reign of Law.* Our selection is from *A Kentucky Cardinal.*

AMES, FISHER, JR.—American author and journalist. Our selection is from his *By Reef and Trail.*

BLACKMORE, RICHARD DODDRIDGE (1825–1900).—An English lawyer and novelist. He wrote in 1869 one of the most popular stories in English literature, *Lorna Doone, a Romance of Exmoor.* This story is full of descriptions of one of the most picturesque counties in England and tells about some of the feuds among those bleak hills. Our selection is a part of chapters VII and VIII. Other novels of his are: *Alice Lorraine, Mary Anerley,* and *Springhaven.*

BRYANT, WILLIAM CULLEN (1794–1878).—A noted American poet and journalist. At the age of twenty he published the poem, *Thanatopsis.* Many of his poems deal with nature.

BUNNER, HENRY CUYLER (1855–1896).—American journalist and poet. For years he was connected with the comic journal *Puck,* as associate editor and afterward as chief.

BURNS, ROBERT (1759–1796).—A famous Scottish lyric poet; one of the most beloved writers of the world, because he portrayed the common experiences of his peasant life with humor and tender pathos. Besides the selection which we have printed, perhaps his most popular poems are *Tam O'Shanter* and *The Cotter's Saturday Night.*

CARLETON, WILL (1845–).—American Journalist and writer of ballads. His poems are largely in dialect. Our selection has been taken from Mr. Carleton's *Farm Ballads.*

CATLIN, GEORGE (1796–1872).—An American artist who travelled extensively among the North American Indians. He painted more than five hundred portraits of Indians from life, which are now in the very valuable collection at the National Museum at Washington. His chief work is *Illustrations*

of the Manners, Customs, and Conditions of the North American Indian, from which our selection is made.

CONNOLLY, JAMES BRENDAN.—An American author especially known for his sea stories. Some of his books are: *The Crested Seas, The Deep Sea's Toll, Open Water,* and *An Olympic Victor,* from which our selection has been taken.

COOPER, JAMES FENIMORE (1789–1851).—The first important American novelist, author of the famous Leather-Stocking Tales, namely, *Deerslayer, Last of the Mohicans, Pathfinder, Pioneer, Prairie.* Natty Bumpo, the hero of these stories, is a type of the hardy and courageous pioneers who first settled our country. Our selection has been made from *The Spy,* Cooper's first great story and one of his most widely read books.

CROCKETT, DAVID (1786–1836).—An American hunter, pioneer, and public man. He was a fine shot and an eccentric humorist, and was in Congress several terms. He published a life of himself in 1834, from which our selection is taken. He is one of the most interesting characters in our early pioneer life.

DANA, RICHARD HENRY (1815–1882).—An American jurist and author. In 1834 he sailed for a voyage on the Pacific to restore his health. After this voyage he wrote *Two Years Before the Mast,* which has become one of the most popular American books. Our selection is from this book.

DAVIS, RICHARD HARDING (1864–).—War correspondent and author of many short stories and novels. Mr. Davis is one of the most popular American short-story writers. Our selection is from *Stories for Boys.*

DICKENS, CHARLES (1812–1870).—English novelist. Any boy or girl who does not know David and the story of his life in *David Copperfield,* Oliver in *Oliver Twist,* Little Nell in *The Old Curiosity Shop,* or Tiny Tim in the *Christmas Carol,* is still to become acquainted with some of the best friends he will ever know. Dickens did a great deal for the schools and the school children of England. He gave in his books such word pictures of the harshness with which children were treated and taught in the schools that people were led to investigate and finally to provide better rooms and teachers.

DOUBLEDAY, RUSSELL (1872–).—An American writer of stories for boys. Our selection is from his *Cattle Ranch to College.*

DU CHAILLU, PAUL BELLONI (1835–1903).—An African explorer, son of a French trader. In 1855 he came to make his home in America. After several years' stay in Sweden and Lapland, he wrote two most interesting books: *The Land of the Midnight Sun* and *The Land of the Long Night.* Our selection is from the latter.

EGGLESTON, GEORGE CARY (1839–).—An American writer, author of many stories of the Civil War. Our selection is taken from *Long Knives, the Story of How They Won the West.*

FIELD, EUGENE (1850–1895).—Journalist and poet. He has been called the poet-laureate of the children. His poems show a rare combination of humor and pathos and have been, perhaps, the most popular of recent American verse. Our selection is from *The Holy Cross, and Other Tales.*

FINLEY, WILLIAM LOVELL (1876–).—American naturalist and author. Our selection is from *American Birds.*

FROST, W. H. (1863–1902).—American editor and author. Our selection is from *The Knights of the Round Table.*

GLADDEN, WASHINGTON (1836–).—An American clergyman and author. He has written many books on questions dealing with the church and with working-men. Our selection is from his first book, *Plain Thoughts on the Art of Living.*

GRANT, ROBERT (1852–).—A well-known American writer. Our selection is from one of his best books telling about school life. *Jack Hall, or the School Days of an American Boy.*

GREENE, ROBERT (1560–1592).—English dramatist, novelist, and poet. His fame rests chiefly upon his songs. He was one of the most popular writers of the day when Shakespeare went down from Stratford to London.

HEADLEY, JOEL TYLER (1813–1897).—American writer on historical subjects. Author of *Napoleon and His Marshals,* and *Life of Washington.*

HERFORD, OLIVER (1863–).—His talents with his pen and his pencil have won for him an enviable reputation in the portrayal of fancy, wit, and humor. Our poem is taken from *The Bashful Earthquake, and Other Fables and Verses.*

HOLLAND, JOSIAH GILBERT (1819–1881).—American author, journalist, editor, and poet. He has written several popular stories containing pleasant pictures of New England. His best boy's book, *Arthur Bonnicastle,* is a story of Yankee life. Our selection is made from this book.

HOLMES, OLIVER WENDELL (1809–1894).—American poet, essayist, and novelist. He wrote many humorous and patriotic poems and a very popular book, *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.* After that he was often called *The Autocrat.*

HUGO, VICTOR MARIE (1802–1885).—Famous French poet and novelist. His best work, from which *The Battle of Waterloo* is taken, is a long novel, *Les Miserables,* a story of a hero, Jean Valjean, in his attempt to lead a good life and his struggles against prejudice and wickedness.

JEROME, JEROME KLAPKA (1859–).—English writer of stories and plays. His best-known books are *Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow* and *Three Men in a Boat.* Our selection is from the latter.

LAMB, CHARLES (1775–1834).—Noted English essayist and humorist. He wrote the series of essays called *Essays of Elia,* which are filled with his per-

sonal likes and dislikes and reveal a loving and tender heart. His affection for his sister Mary was especially beautiful. Together they wrote the *Tales from Shakespeare*, which have done much to interest boys and girls in Shakespeare's plays. We have printed one of the best of these tales.

PARKMAN, FRANCIS (1823–1893).—Eminent American historian. He chose for his subject the conflicts of the English, French, and Indians in America. *The California and Oregon Trail* is interesting to boys as well as to older persons. In all his books are vivid accounts of Indian fighting and thrilling adventure associated with our early frontier life.

PIER, ARTHUR STANWOOD (1874–).—American writer of boys' stories and assistant editor of *Youth's Companion*. Our selection is from his *Boys of St. Timothy's*.

READE, CHARLES (1814–1884).—English novelist; author of many popular stories, especially *Put Yourself in His Place* and *It Is Never Too Late to Mend*, and the great historical romance, *The Cloister and the Hearth*. Our selection has been taken from chapter IX of this book.

RIIS, JACOB AUGUST (1849–).—Mr. Riis was born in Denmark, came to New York as a young man, and became police reporter on the New York *Sun*. For many years he has been active in the movement for parks and play-grounds in the cities, and in the reform of city tenement houses. One of his most interesting books is *Children of the Tenements*. From this book our selection has been taken.

RILEY, JAMES WHITCOMB (1849–).—One of the true poets of America, born in Indiana. Mr Riley has described many odd characters of the farm or the small town, the simple drollness of childhood, the splendid sentiment of ripe manhood and old age. The world may well be grateful for the humor and pathos of true and inspired poets such as Mr. Riley.

RYAN, ABRAM JOSEPH, "Father Ryan" (1839–1886).—He was a Catholic priest and chaplain in the Confederate army, pastor of a church in Mobile, Alabama. He wrote many simple religious and patriotic poems.

SETON, ERNEST THOMPSON (1860–).—American animal painter and illustrator. As a boy he lived in the backwoods of Canada and on the western plains of America. His writings on wild animals are deservedly popular. Our selection is from his best-known book, *Wild Animals I Have Known*.

SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM (1564–1616).—The greatest English poet and dramatist, writer of comedies, tragedies, and historical plays.

SOUTHEY, ROBERT (1774–1843).—English poet and prose-writer, a friend of Coleridge. He wrote the *Life of Nelson*, which is a model of simple and vivid biography. Our selection from this book pictures the closing moments of the great commander's life, one of the most dramatic incidents of English history.

STEVENSON, ROBERT LOUIS (1850–1894).—British novelist and essayist. He wrote one of the best stories for boys, *Treasure Island,* and many very interesting short stories. He spent much of his time in America and in the South Sea Islands. He is buried on the top of a high mountain in Samoa. Our selection is from *Kidnapped.*

STOCKTON, FRANK RICHARD (1834–1902).—American humorist and writer of many stories for children. For a time he was assistant editor of *St. Nicholas.* His best short story was *The Lady or the Tiger.* Our selection has been taken from his most popular book, *Rudder Grange.*

STODDARD, RICHARD HENRY (1825–1903).—American poet and journalist. He was an intimate friend of Hawthorne and Bayard Taylor. He became a leading authority on English and American poetry and wrote many beautiful lyrical poems. He was recognized as the most distinguished American poet living in the closing years of the nineteenth century.

TAYLOR, BAYARD (1825–1878).—American poet and journalist. He travelled over all parts of the world and became most popular as a lecturer on his varied experiences. His friends were the most cultured men of his time.

TENNYSON, ALFRED, LORD (1809–1892).—Famous English poet. In the *Idylls of the King* Tennyson tells the story of King Arthur and the Round Table. *In Memoriam* is a long poem in which Tennyson describes the grief he suffered at the death of his dearest friend, and how the grief was turned into peace when he realized that the parting was not forever. Tennyson wrote also a large number of short poems.

VAN DYKE, HENRY (1852–).—American poet, short-story writer, essayist, clergyman. His work is noted for its splendid style. He has written much of nature. Besides his poems, two of his best books are *Little Rivers* and *Fisherman's Luck.*

WHITMAN, WALT (1819–1892).—American poet. He took a noble part in the Civil War, serving faithfully as an army nurse in the camps and hospitals about Washington. He greatly admired Abraham Lincoln and wrote *O Captain! My Captain!* in his honor. His poems are democratic and full of joy in life and nature.

WHITTIER, JOHN GREENLEAF (1808–1892).—Whittier is the poet who gives the best pictures of New England life. *Snowbound* is the story of the way a New England family passed the time while kept in by a deep snow. Whittier worked hard to have slavery abolished and wrote many of his poems and essays to make people see the evils of slavery.

WRIGHT, WILLIAM H. (1856–).—An interesting writer about animals. Our selection has been taken from *The Story of Ben, the Black Bear.*

VOCABULARY

THE authors have not attempted to make this Vocabulary complete. Within such brief limits it is possible to include only words that present unusual difficulty of spelling, pronunciation, or meaning. For further information the student must consult a dictionary, which this Vocabulary is not intended to supplant. No attempt has been made to give all the meanings of the words included in the Vocabulary, but only those which will make clear the meaning of the text. The system of diacritical marking used is that given in the latest edition of Webster's International Dictionary.

A KEY TO PRONUNCIATION

ā, as in fāte	ȩ, as in ȩ vent′	ô, as in ôrb	ú, as in ú nite′
á, " " sen′áte	ĕ, " " ĕnd	ŏ, " " ŏdd	û, " " ûrn
â, " " câre	ē, " " ev′ēr	ǒ, " " sǒft	ŭ, " " ŭp
ă, " " făt	ĕ, " " re′cĕnt	ŏ, " " cŏn nect′	ŭ, " " cir′cŭs
ä, " " ärm	ī, " " īce	o͞o, " " fo͞od	th, " " thin
å, " " åsk	ĭ, " " ĭll	o͝o, " " fo͝ot	t͟h, " " t͟hen
ă, " " fi′năl	ō, " " ōld	ou, " " out	t͡ū, " " cul′t͡ūre
ē, " " ēve	ó, " " ó bey′	ū, " " ūse	zh for z, as in az′ure

N, representing the nasal tone (as in French or Portuguese) of the preceding vowel, as in ensemble (ăN′săN′b'l), intrigant (ăN′trē′găNt′).

ŋ (like ng), for n before the sound of k or "hard" g, as in bank.

a' (ô), all.
a baft', behind, toward the stern; used on board ship.
a boon', above; a Scottish word.
ac'cla ma'tion, a shout of approval.
ac'qui esce', agree or submit to.
ac'qui si'tion, something acquired or gained.
ad ja'cent, lying alongside or near to.
a droit'ness, skill.
ag'gra vat ing, making worse.
ag i ta'tion, stirring up or disturbance.
al lev'i ate, to lessen or lighten pain or trouble.
a nat'o my, the structure of an animal or plant.
A pol'lo Bel've dere', a famous statue of Apollo, god of poetry and music among the ancient Greeks.
ap pease', to calm or pacify.

ap pend'age, something fastened to the end of.
ap pre'ci ate, to feel the worth of.
ap prised', warned or informed of.
A'ri ma the'a.
as'cer tain', to find out.
a thwart', across.
a ver'sion, dislike or hatred for.
Ba'al (bā'ăl), a god of the ancient Hebrews.
baf'fle, to check or frustrate.
bant'ling, a young child.
bat'ed, lessened or held, as of the breath.
Be'er she'ba, a town in Palestine, now deserted.
birk'ie, a smart young fellow.
Bit'ter Roots, a range of mountains in western Montana.
brusque'ly, rudely, roughly.
Cam'e lot, the place where, according to legend, King Arthur had his court.
ca pri'cious, changeable.
car'di nal, a short, hooded cloak.
car na'tion, a shade of red.
cash'mere, a cloth woven of fine wool from Cashmere or Thibet, in Asia, from which shawls are sometimes made.
Cas'tle Car'bo nek, a place mentioned in the King Arthur legends.
cau'dal, relating or belonging to the tail.
cav'ern ous, like a cavern, or cave.
cer'e mo'ni ous, using or accompanied by ceremony or outward forms.
ce ta'cean, belonging to the zoological class of cetacea, or whales.
char'ac ter is'tic, in keeping with the character of.
char'wom an, a woman who does odd jobs of domestic work.
chock, an opening or slot made for a rope to pass through.
chro nom'e ter, a watch or clock so adjusted as to keep time with great accuracy.
co'ble, a kind of flat-bottomed boat used in Scotland.
cock'pit, an apartment on the lower deck of the old-fashioned warship, used for the wounded during a battle.
cog'ni zance, notice.
com mo'di ous, roomy, convenient.
com pan'ion way, the opening leading down into the cabin of a vessel.
com pla'cen cy, state of being satisfied.
con'fla gra'tion, an extensive and destructive fire.
con form'i ty, agreement or harmony with.
con glom'er a'tion, confused mixture.
con'sort, association or company.
con spire', to plan mischief against.
con'sul ta'tion, a meeting to talk over something.
con trib'ute, to give money or aid for some special purpose.
coof, fool; a Scottish word.
cou'chant (kouch'ănt), crouched, ready to spring.
dec'o ra'tion, a medal, cross, or ribbon given as a mark of honor for unusual services.
de crep'it, feeble with age.
de ject'ed ly, in a discouraged way.
de pressed', lowered.
Des'de mo'na, a female character in Shakespeare's *Othello*.
de spond'en cy, state of discouragement.
de tour', roundabout path or course.

de'vi a'tion, a turning aside from the direct course.
dis crim'i na'tion, judgment, or power to observe differences.
dis sect', to cut up for scientific study.
dis tend'ed, swollen or stretched out.
di vine', to guess.
Ear raid'.
ec'cen tric'i ty, oddness or peculiarity.
ed'i fice, building.
em bod'y ing, including.
em'bry o, the state of early development or beginning.
e mer'gen cy, an unexpected occasion calling for sudden action.
en com'passed, surrounded by.
en coun'tered, met, usually with the idea of difficulty or violence.
en dur'ance, power of enduring or holding out under strain.
en gulfed', swallowed up.
en hanced', increased (in value).
en thu'si as'tic, full of enthusiasm or pleasure.
en vi'ron ment, surrounding conditions.
ep'au lette, a shoulder ornament worn by military officers.
e pit'o mize, to sum up.
e'quine, relating to a horse.
et'y mol'o gy, the study of the formation of words.
Eu rip'i des (ū rĭp'ĭ dēz).
e vent', outcome, result.
e voke', to call out.
ex'pi ra'tion, end of a period of time.
ex pired', breathed out.
fa' (fô), fall; a Scottish word.
fam'ished, very hungry; starved.
fas tid'i ous, very particular.
flac'cid (flăk'sĭd), flabby.
flam beaux' (flăm bō'), torches.
gal'ley, the kitchen on board ship.
Gael'ic (gāl'ĭk), the language of the Gaels, or Highlanders of Scotland.
gal van'ic, electric.
gen darme' (zhäN därm'), a French policeman.
gen'ius, a person of very unusual powers of mind.
gen til'i ty, good breeding.
ges tic'u late, to make gestures or motions with the body while speaking.
Ghys'brecht (gĭz'brĕkt).
gie (gĭ), give; a Scottish word.
glu'ten, a sticky substance found in dough.
Gon za'lo (gŏn zä' lō).
go'pher, a kind of rat that burrows in the ground and feeds on roots and vegetables.
gowd (gōd), gold; a Scottish word.
gree, prize; a Scottish word.
guid (gĭd), good; a Scottish word.
guin'ea (gĭn'ĭ), an English gold coin no longer issued, worth twenty-one shillings.
gut'tur al, made in the throat.
hame'ly, homely; a Scottish word.
ham'per, a mass of different articles.
Hel'as, modern Greek word for Greece.
hi'ber nate, to sleep through the winter.[1]
hod'den grey, cheap gray cloth.
Ho'ly Grail, according to literary tradition, the cup used by Christ at the Last Supper.
hove-to, head to the wind so as to check any forward movement; used of sailing vessels.

hu man'i ty, kindness.
hur'dy gur'dy, hand organ.
hus'ban dry, economy, a meaning frequent in Shakespeare.
hys ter'i cal, nervously excited.
ich'thi o log'i cal, relating to the study of fishes.
i den'ti ty, absolute likeness of two or more things.
il lu'sive, hard to get hold of.
im'ma te'ri al, of no consequence.
im merse', dip under water.
im mu'ni ty, freedom from some restraining influence or condition.
im'ped'i ment, hindrance, obstacle.
im'pre ca'tion, curse, oath.
in ces'sant ly, constantly, without pause.
in'dis crim'i nate ly, carelessly.
in dite', to write.
in dom'i ta ble, unyielding.
in duce'ment, something that persuades one to action.
in dul'gence, the granting of favors or special liberties.
in fec'tious, capable of being passed on to others, as of disease.
in gen'u ous ly, openly, without concealment.
in spir a'tion, a stirring to higher thoughts or nobler action.
in still', to put into the mind of another by repeated statement or teaching.
in ten'si fy, to make more keen or intense.
in'ter sect'ed, cut across, as of lines.
in tol'er a ble, unbearable.
in'tri cate, difficult to understand or follow.
in vis'i ble, unseen.
I o'na (ē ō'nȧ; ī ō'na), one of the Hebrides Islands off the west coast of Scotland.
ir're sist'i bly, in a way not to be resisted or opposed.
Jean Valjean (zhŏn'văl zhŏn'), the hero of Victor Hugo's novel, *Les Misérables*.
Krak'en, sea monster.
Krem'lin, the citadel of Moscow, an enclosure containing churches, palaces, an arsenal, etc.
lay, song or poem.
lim'pet, a kind of small shell-fish that adheres to rocks.
lin'e a ments, the features, outlines of the face.
log'ger head, an upright piece of wood in a whale-boat round which runs the line fastened to the harpoon.
lore, learning.
lug'ger, a boat or vessel carrying lug-sails.
lu'rid, pale, yellowish.
man'grove, a kind of tree or shrub found in the tropics.
ma rine', relating to the sea.
mar'mot, a small animal somewhat like a woodchuck.
Mar ous'i.
mar ti net', one who is very exact in matters of discipline.
mas'to don'tic, like a mastodon, gigantic.
maun'na (mä'na), must not; Scottish.
mea'gre, scant, slight.
me chan'i cal ly, in a machine-like way.
med i'tate, think deeply.
mem'bran ous, fleshy, skinny.
men'ac ing, threatening.

Mer'lin, a magician who plays an important part in the King Arthur legends.
mi nu'ti ae, trifling details.
mis giv'ings, doubts.
miz'zen top, the platform round the head of the mizzen, or third and last, mast of a ship.
na ive'ly (nä-ēv'-lĭ), simply, artlessly.
nan keen', a kind of yellowish brown cotton cloth.
Ni ke' (nĭ kā'), victory; a Greek word.
nup'tials, marriage forms.
oak'um, a kind of hemp fibre used for filling the seams of boats and vessels.
ob tuse' angle, an angle greater than a right angle.
o paque' (ō pāk'), impossible to be seen through.
o'pi ate, a drug causing sleep.
op pres'sive, heavy, hard to be borne.
pal'let, a small mean bed.
pa ter'nal, fatherly.
pa trol', guard, watch.
ped'ant, a learned person who likes to make a display of his knowledge.
pen'i tence, sorrow for wrong doing.
Pen'te cost, a church festival celebrating the descent of the Holy Spirit on the apostles.
per pet'u ate, to preserve the memory of.
per'son al'i ty, that which distinguishes one person from another, makes him what he is.
pe rus'al, examination, study.
phys ique' (fĭz ēk'), bodily structure.
pin'ions, wings, feathers.
pneu mat'ic (nu măt'ĭc), worked or moved by air.
pot'hole, a hole in a river-bed formed by the grinding of stones whirled round by water.
pre fer'ring, pushing ahead, honoring.
prim'i tive, belonging to very old times; simple.
pro di'gious, unusual, enormous.
prod'i gy, something wonderful.
pro fi'cient, skilful.
pro found', deep.
pro fuse'ly, freely.
prog'en y, offspring, children.
pro mis'cu ous ly, in a confused or haphazard way.
pro mot'er, one who helps on or supports a plan or movement.
proph'e cy, a foretelling of some future event.
pro pri'e ty, in agreement with what is proper or customary.
pro té gé, one under the care or protection of another.
put'tee, a kind of gaiter wrapped round the leg.
qual'i fy ing, softening, changing the force of.
quar'ry, a hunted animal.
qui e'tus, final death-dealing blow.
ra'pi er, a long, slender, two-edged sword.
ra'tions (rā shŭnz or răsh ŭnz), an allowance of food.
re'al ize, to come to understand clearly.
re'as sur'ing, encouraging.
re cede', to draw back.
re frain', a repeated phrase or chorus of a song; to hold back from action.
rem'i nis'cence, a story of some past experience.

re plen'ish ment, the supplying of new material.

re pul'sive, extremely ugly or disagreeable.

re sent', to feel displeasure at something.

re trace', to return on one's track.

rev'er y, waking dream.

round'ly, sharply, bluntly.

rove, the past tense of *reave* meaning to pass a line through a ring or block; used chiefly on shipboard.

sanc'ti fied, made holy.

San Di e'go.

scrut'i nize, look at closely.

scut'tle, an opening in the deck or cabin of a ship with a sliding lid.

se clud'ed, private, retired.

seine (sān or sēn), a large net, one edge floated by corks, the other kept under water by sinkers, so that it floats vertically.

sen'si bil'i ty, ability to feel.

siege (sēj), seat; no longer used in this sense except in poetry.

si es'ta, nap.

sou, a French coin of bronze worth about a cent.

sper'ma cet'i, a waxy material obtained from the blubber, or fat, of the whale.

spon ta'ne ous, coming from natural impulse or feeling.

sta'di um, a structure without a roof containing raised tiers of seats for spectators of athletic contests.

sub'ju ga'tion, state of being subjugated or overcome by force.

sub lime', arousing a sense of grandeur or awe.

sub'se quent, following after.

sub side', settle, become quiet.

su'per an'nu at ed, retired from active service because of illness or old age.

su per'flu ous, more than is needed.

sup'pli ca'tions, prayers.

su preme', highest in place or importance.

sur tout' (sŭr tōō'), a long close-fitting overcoat.

Syc'o rax.

tack, to advance by a zigzag course; used of sailing vessels.

tar'pon, a large game fish found in the Gulf of Mexico.

tem'po ral, belonging to the everyday world as opposed to holy or eternal things.

ten'e ment, usually a rented lodging place; sometimes in the sense of dwelling only.

throes, struggles.

Ti er'ra del Fue'go (in Spanish "Land of Fire"), the southernmost part of South America, separated from the main body of the continent by the Straits of Magellan.

tod'dling, walking uncertainly, as of a young child.

tol'er a bly, fairly, moderately.

tri um'phant, filled with triumph, or joy, at success.

tweed, a woollen cloth usually of two colors interwoven.

un a bridged', not abridged or shortened.

un cloyed', not overfilled or satisfied.

un'con cern', coolness, calmness.

Un dine' (ŭn dēn'), a kind of water spirit; the heroine of a story by Fouqué.

un'du lat ing, wavy.

u'sur pa'tion, the seizing of power or position that does not belong to one.

vain glo'ri ous ly, in a vain or boastful way.

Van i te'kes.

var'ments, wild animals; a backwoods form of the word *vermin.*

Vat'i can, the palace of the Pope in Rome.

ves'tige, sign or track.

vo ra'cious, greedy in eating.

wa'ry (wā'rĭ; wār'ĭ), shy.

wear'ing, to turn a sailing-vessel so that she comes round stern to the wind and her sails are filled by the wind from a different angle; in speaking of modern fore-and-aft rigged vessels and boats usually called gybing.

wist'ful ly, longingly.

whorl, a figure formed by twisting, almost circular, lines.

yore, ancient times.

Zei'to, hurrah; a Greek word.

